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SELECTIONS
IN
POETICAL AND PROSE
LITERATURE

FOR
THIRD CLASS TEACHERS' EXAMINATION
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EDITED BY
JOHN C. SAUL, M.A.,
English Master, Collegiate Institute, Winnipeg,

AND
W. A. McINLYRE, B.A.,
Principal Normal School, Winnipeg.

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PREFACE.

The annotations to this volume of selections are as brief as possible. It is felt that good literature within the compass of a student's comprehension should largely teach itself, and that very little information in the form of notes is required. Only such information is given as is necessary to an understanding of the text.

The selections are supposed to be studied as literature. They are not intended to serve as the basis for grammatical analysis.

The order of study is not necessarily that suggested by the table of contents. There is a time suitable to the study of each selection, and such time should be chosen.

The teacher should be considered simply as a medium between the student and the author. As such, he should be in perfect sympathy with each selection, and reflect its spirit in his voice, look and manner; he should be in perfect sympathy with his students to such a degree that they are pleased to follow him and anxious to enter with him into new fields of thought.

The suggestive questions following the notes to the poetical selections are not intended to be exhaustive, nor is it supposed that students will accept them as a guide to study. They will be useful in so far as they lead to a closer understanding or clearer appreciation of the thought and expression, or as they give power to distinguish between the worthy and the unworthy in poetical efforts.

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THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

“Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit, et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? Quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari; ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.”—T. BURNET, *Archæol. Phil.*, p. 68.

PART I.

An ancient
Mariner meet-
eth three Gal-
lants bidden to
a wedding-feast,
and detaineth
one.

It is an ancient Mariner, *al*
And he stoppeth one of three.

“By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

“The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide, 5

And I am next of kin ;

The guests are met, the feast is set :

May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,

“There was a ship,” quoth he. 10

"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"

Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—

The Wedding-Guest stood still,

And listens like a three years' child :

The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :
 He cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner :— 20

“The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the lighthouse top

The Mariner
 tells how the
 ship sailed
 southward with
 a good wind and
 fair weather, till
 it reached the
 line.

“The Sun came up upon the left, 25
 Out of the sea came he !
 And he shone bright, and on the right
 Went down into the sea.

“Higher and higher every day,
 Till over the mast at noon”— 30
 The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-
 Guest heareth
 the bridal
 music ; but the
 Mariner con-
 tinueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
 Red as a rose is she ;
 Nodding their heads before her goes 35
 The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
 Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner. 40

The ship drawn
 by a storm
 towards the
 south pole.

“And now the storm-blast came, and he
 Was tyrannous and strong ;
 He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
 And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow, 45
 As who pursued with yell and blow
 Still treads the shadow of his foe,
 And forward bends his head,
 The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
 And southward aye we fled. 50

And now there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold :
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
 As green as emerald.

The land of ice,
 and of fearful
 sounds, where
 no living thing
 was to be seen.

And through the drifts, the snowy cliffs 55
 Did send a dismal sheen · *splendour*
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—*see*
 The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around : 60
 It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
 Like noises in a sound ! *swound*

Till a great sea-
 bird, called the
 Albatross, came
 through the
 snow-fog, and
 was received
 with great joy
 and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross :
 Thorough the fog it came ; *through*
 As if it had been a Christian soul,
 We hailed it in God's name. 65

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
 And round and round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
 The helmsman steered us through ! 70

And lo ! the
 Albatross
 proveth a bird
 of good omen,
 and followeth
 the ship as it
 returned north-
 ward through
 fog and floating
 ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
 The Albatross did follow,
 And every day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariners' hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, 75
 It perched for vespers nine ; *evenings*
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
 Glimmered the white moon-shine."

The ancient
 Mariner inhospitably
 killeth the pious bird
 of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
 From the fiends that plague thee thus !— 80
 Why look'st thou so ?"—"With my cross-bow
 I shot the Albatross !"

*Tells of leaving the harbour the dawn the
 Albatross and the killing of it*

PART II.

The Sun now rose upon the right :
 Out of the sea came he,
 Still hid in mist, and on the left 85
 Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
 But no sweet bird did follow,
 Nor any day for food or play
 Came to the mariners' hollo ! 90

His shipmates
 cry out against
 the ancient
 Mariner, for
 killing the bird
 of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
 And it would work 'em woe ;
 For all averred, I had killed the bird
 That made the breeze to blow.
 Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay, 95
 That made the breeze to blow !

But when the
 fog cleared off
 they justify the
 same, and thus
 make them-
 selves accom-
 plices in the
 crime.

Nor dim, nor red, like God's own head,
 The glorious Sun uprist :
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird
 That brought the fog and mist. 100
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
 That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze
continues; the
ship enters the
Pacific Ocean,
and sails north-
ward, even till it
reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

105

The ship hath
been suddenly
becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

110

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

115

And the Alba-
tross begins to
be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink';
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

120

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

125

A spirit had fol-
lowed them;
one of the in-
visible inhabi-
tants of this
planet, neither

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white.

130

departed souls
nor angels ;
concerning
whom the
learned Jew,
Josephus, and
the Platonic
Constantinopo-
litan, Michael
Psellus, may be
consulted.
They are very
numerous, and
there is no cli-
mate or element
without one or
more.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

*Reproach
of the crew
The pen-
sioner*

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

135

The shipmates,
in their sore
distress would
fain throw the
whole guilt on
the ancient
Mariner ; in sign
whereof they
hang the dead
sea-bird round
his neck.

Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the Cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

140

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.

A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye !

145

The ancient
Mariner behold-
eth a sign in the
element afar off.

When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist :
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

150

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared :
And as if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

155

At its nearer
approach, it
seemeth him to

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;

be a ship ; and
at a dear ran-
som he freeeth
his speech from
the bonds of
thirst.

Through utter drought all dumb we stood !

I bit my arm, I sucked the blood, 160

And cried, A sail ! a sail !

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,

Agape they heard me call :

A flash of joy.

Gramercy ! they for joy did grin, 165

And all at once their breath drew in,

As they were drinking all.

And horror fol-
lows ; for can it
be a ship that
comes onward
without wind
or tide ?

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !

Hither to work us weal ;

Without a breeze, without a tide,

She steadies with upright keel ! 170

The western wave was all a-flame,

The day was well-nigh done !

Almost upon the western wave

Rested the broad bright Sun ;

When that strange shape drove suddenly 175

Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him
but the skele-
ton of a ship.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace !)

As if through a dungeon-grate he peered

With broad and burning face. 180

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)

How fast she nears and nears !

Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,

Like restless gossameres ?

And its ribs are
seen as bars on
the face of the
setting sun.
The spectre-
woman and her

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun 185

Did peer, as through a grate ?

And is that Woman all her crew ?

death-mate,
and no other
on board the
skeleton ship.
Like vessel, like
crew !

Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that woman's mate ?

Her lips were red, her looks were free, 190
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-
in-Death have
diced for the
ship's crew, and
she (the latter)
winneth the
ancient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came, 195
And the twain were casting dice ;
"The game is done ! I've won, I've won !"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight
within the
courts of the
sun.

The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark ; 200
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of
the moon.

We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip ! 205
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steerman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar *clouds*
The horned Moon, with one bright star 210
Within the nether tip.

One after
another.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye. 215

His shipmates
drop down
dead.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-
Death begins
her work on the
ancient Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV.

The Wedding-
guest feareth
that a spirit is
talking to him.

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

But the ancient
Mariner as-
sureth him of
his bodily life,
and proceedeth
to relate his
horrible pen-
ance.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown.”—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth
the creatures of
the calm.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

And envieth
that they should
live, and so
many lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray
 But or ever a prayer had gusht, 245
 A wicked whisper came, and made
 My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
 And the balls like pulses beat ;
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky, 250
 Lay like a load on my weary eye,
 And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse
 liveth for him
 in the eye of
 the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
 Nor rot nor reek did they :
 The look with which they looked on me 255
 Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
 A spirit from on high ;
 But oh ! more horrible than that
 Is the curse in a dead man's eye ! 260
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
 And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness
 and fixedness
 he yearneth to-
 wards the
 journeying
 moon, and the
 stars that still
 sojourn, yet still
 move onward ;
 and everywhere
 the blue sky be-
 longs to them,
 and is their
 appointed rest,
 and their native
 country and
 their own
 natural homes,
 which they enter
 unannounced,
 as lords that are
 certainly ex-
 pected, and yet
 there is a silent
 joy at their
 arrival.

The moving moon went up the sky,
 And nowhere did abide ;
 Softly she was going up, 265
 And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoocked the sultry main,
 Like April hoar-frost spread ;
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
 The charmed water burnt alway 270
 A still and awful red.

By the light of
the Moon he be-
holdeth God's
creatures of the
great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light 275
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship *description of*
I watched their rich attire : *His penne*
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black, *mount and*
They coiled and swam ; and every track 280
Was a flash of golden fire. *the description of*

Their beauty
and their
happiness.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare ;
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware ! 285
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins
to break.

The selfsame moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank 290
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

O sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, 295
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the
holy Mother,
the ancient
Mariner is re-
freshed with
rain.

The silly buckets on the deck, *empty*
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke, it rained. 300

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
 My garments all were dank; *damp*
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs : 305
 I was so light—almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost. *spirit*

He heareth
 sounds and
 seeth strange
 sights and com-
 motions in the
 sky and the
 element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
 It did not come anear ; 310
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life !
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
 To and fro they were hurried about ! 315
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
 And the rain poured down from one black cloud :
 The moon was at its edge. 321

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The moon was at its side :
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag, 325
 A river steep and wide.

The bodies of
 the ship's crew
 are inspirited,
 and the ship
 moves on :

The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on !
 Beneath the lightning and the moon
 The dead men gave a groan. 330

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered ; the ship moved on ; 335
 Yet never a breeze up-blew ;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes, *all down*
 Where they were wont to do ;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew. 340

The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee ;
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said nought to me.

but not by the
 souls of the
 men, nor by de-
 mons of earth
 or middle air,
 but by a blessed
 troop of angelic
 spirits, sent
 down by the in-
 vocation of the
 guardian saint.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!" 345
 Be calm thou Wedding-Guest!

'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their corses came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms, 350
 And clustered round the mast ;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
 Then darted to the sun ; 355
 Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the sky-lark sing ;
 Sometimes all little birds that are, 360

How they seemed to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning! *chattering*

And now 'twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute ;
 And now it is an angel's song, 365
 That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
 A pleasant noise till noon,
 A noise like of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June, 370
 That to the sleeping woods all night
 Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
 Yet never a breeze did breathe ;
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship, 375
 Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome
 spirit from the
 south pole
 carries on the
 ship as far as the
 line, in obedi-
 ence to the an-
 gelic troop, but
 still requireth
 vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
 From the land of mist and snow,
 The spirit slid ; and it was he
 That made the ship to go. 380
 The sails at noon left off their tune,
 And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast,
 Had fixed her to the ocean ;
 But in a minute she 'gan stir, 385
 With a short uneasy motion—
 Backwards and forwards half her length
 With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound : 390

It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

The Polar
Spirit's fellow-
demons, the in-
visible inhabi-
tants of the ele-
ment, take part
in his wrong ;
and two of them
relate, one to
the other, that
penance long
and heavy for
the ancient
Mariner hath
been accorded
to the Polar
Spirit, who re-
turneth south-
ward.

How long in that same fit I lay,

I have not to declare ; *not in my power*

But ere my living life returned, 395

I heard, and in my soul discerned,

Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man ?

By Him who died on cross,

With his cruel bow he laid full low 400

The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself *claiming*

In the land of mist and snow, *storm and the*

He loved the bird that loved the man *spirit*

Who shot him with his bow." *working the* 405

The other was a softer voice, *ship the gun*

As soft as honey-dew : *motion of the*

Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,

And penance more will do." *the voice of the*

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me ! speak again, 410

Thy soft response renewing—

What makes that ship drive on so fast ?

What is the Ocean doing ?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,

The Ocean hath no blast ; 415

His great bright eye most silently

Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go ;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see ! how graciously
 She looketh down on him. 420

FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner
 hath been cast
 into a trance ;
 for the angelic
 power causeth
 the vessel to
 drive northward
 faster than
 human life
 could endure.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
 Without or wave or wind ?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind. 425

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
 Or we shall be belated :
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the Mariner's trance is abated.

The super-
 natural motion
 is retarded ; the
 Mariner awakes,
 and his penance
 begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on 430
 As in a gentle weather :
 'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;
 The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck, *a vaulted arch*
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter ; *corpses* 435
 All fixed on me their stony eyes, *deposited*
 That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
 Had never passed away :
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs, 440
 Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is
 finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt : once more
 I viewed the ocean green,
 And looked far forth, yet little saw
 Of what had else been seen— 445

Like one, that on a lonesome road
 Doth walk in fear and dread,
 And having once turned round, walks on,
 And turns no more his head ;
 Because he knows a frightful fiend 450
 Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
 Nor sound nor motion made :
 Its path was not upon the sea,
 In ripple or in shade. 455

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
 Like a meadow-gale of spring—
 It mingled strangely with my fears,
 Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, 460
 Yet she sailed softly too :
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
 On me alone it blew.

And the ancient
 Mariner behold-
 eth his native
 country.

Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed 465
 The lighthouse top I see ?
 Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
 Is this mine own countree ?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
 And I with sobs did pray—
 'O let me be awake, my God ! 470
 Or let me sleep away.'

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
 So smoothly it was strewn !
 And on the bay the moonlight lay,
 And the shadow of the moon. 475

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light, 480
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

The angelic
spirits leave the
dead bodies,

and appear in
their own forms
of light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were : 485
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh Christ ! what saw I there !

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood ! *holy cross*
A man all light, a seraph-man, *message* 490
On every corse there stood. *of Jesus*

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light ; 495

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars, 500
I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy, *2 voices speak*
 I heard them coming fast: *and say the man*
 Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy *would free.* 505
 The dead men could not blast. *curse remember*
 I saw a third—I heard his voice: *see his native*
 It is the Hermit good! *city*
 He singeth loud his godly hymns 510
 That he makes in the wood. *arrival of*
 He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away *the Pilot*
 The Albatross's blood. *and the hermit*

PART VII.

The Hermit of
 the wood

This Hermit good lives in that wood
 Which slopes down to the sea. 515
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
 He loves to talk with marineres
 That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
 He hath a cushion plump: 520
 It is the moss that wholly hides
 The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
 "Why, this is strange, I trow!" *see me to m*
 Where are those lights so many and fair, 525
 That signal made but now?"

approacheth
 the ship
 with wonder.

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—
 "And they answered not our cheer!
 The planks look warped! and see those sails,
 How thin they are and sere! 530
 I never saw aught like to them,
 Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
 My forest-brook along ;
very brief When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow, 535
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
 That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—
 (The Pilot made reply)
 I am a-feared"—"Push on, push on !" 540
 Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
 But I nor spake nor stirred ;
 The boat came close beneath the ship,
 And straight a sound was heard. 545

The ship sud-
 denly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
 Still louder and more dread :
 It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
 The ship went down like lead.

The ancient
 Mariner is
 saved in the
 Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, 550
 Which sky and ocean smote,
 Like one that hath been seven days drowned
 My body lay afloat ;
 But swift as dreams, myself I found
 Within the Pilot's boat. 555

Upon the whirl where sank the ship,
 The boat spun round and round ;
 And all was still, save that the hill
 Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked 560
 And fell down in a fit ;

The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go, 565
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha ! ha !" quoth he, "full plain I see
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree, 570
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient
Mariner earnestly
entreateth the Hermit to
shrieve him ;
and the penance
of life falls on
him.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !"
The Hermit crossed his brow. 575
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou !"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ; 580
And then it left me free,

And ever and
anon through-
out his future
life an agony
constraineth
him to travel
from land to
land ;

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns :
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns. 585

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
The moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach. 590

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
 The wedding-guests are there ;
 But in the garden-bower the bride
 And bride-maids singing are :
 And hark the little vesper bell, 595
 Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea :
 So lonely 'twas, that God himself
 Scarce seemèd there to be. 600

O sweeter than the marriage feast,
 'Tis sweeter far to me,
 To walk together to the kirk
 With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk, 605
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
 And youths and maidens gay !

and to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth. Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell 610
 To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
 He prayeth well who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best 615
 All things both great and small ;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,

Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest 620
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn : *depressed*
A sadder and a wiser man, *more serious*
He rose the morrow morn. 625

*They come shipwrecked mariner
rescued. Tell his tale
penance of life forced to tell
his tale. Echoes the WG to
narrate all things that he
made*

HART-LEAP WELL.

The Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor

With the slow motion of a summer's cloud,
And now, as he approached a vassal's door,
"Bring forth another horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another horse!"—That shout the vassal heard 5

And saddled his best steed, a comely grey;
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes;
The horse and horseman are a happy pair; 10
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes roar:
But horse and man are vanished, one and all; 15
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain;
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain. 20

The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern;
But breath and eyesight fail; and, one by one,
The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race? 25
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
—This chase it looks not like an earthly chase;
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-side ;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled, 30
Nor will I mention by what death he died ;
But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.
Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn ;
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy :
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn, 35
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.
Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat ;
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned ;
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet. 40
Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched :
His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched
The waters of the spring were trembling still.
And now, too happy for repose or rest, 45
(Never had living man such joyful lot !)
Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,
And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.
And climbing up the hill—(it was at least
Four roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found 50
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beast
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.
Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, “ Till now
Such sight was never seen by human eyes :
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow, 55
Down to the very fountain where he lies.
I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
And a small arbour, made for rural joy ;

'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,
A place of love for damsels that are coy. 60

A cunning artist will I have to frame
A basin for that fountain in the dell ;
And they who do make mention of the same,
From this day forth, shall call it HART-LEAP WELL.

And, gallant Stag ! to make thy praises known, 65
Another monument shall here be raised ;
Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone,
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

And, in the summer-time when days are long,
I will come hither with my Paramour ; 70
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

Till the foundations of the mountains fail
My mansion with its arbour shall endure ;—
The joy of them who till the fields of Swale, 75
And them who dwell among the woods of Ure !”

Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone-dead,
With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring.
—Soon did the Knight perform what he had said ;
And far and wide the fame thereof did ring. 80

Ere thrice the Moon into her port had steered,
A cup of stone received the living well :
Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,
And built a house of pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall 85
With trailing plants and trees were intertwined,—
Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer days were long,
 Sir Walter led his wondering Paramour ; 90
 And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
 Made merriment within that pleasant bower.

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,
 And his bones lie in his paternal vale,—
 But there is matter for a second rhyme, 95
 And I to this would add another tale.

PART SECOND.

The moving accident is not my trade ;
 To freeze the blood I have no ready arts :
 'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
 To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts. 100

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
 It chanced that I saw standing in a dell
 Three aspens at three corners of a square :
 And one, not four yards distant, near a well.

What this imported I could ill divine : 105
 And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,
 I saw three pillars standing in a line,—
 The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were grey, with neither arms nor head :
 Half wasted the square mound of tawny green ; 110
 So that you just might say, as then I said,
 "Here in old time the hand of man hath been."

I looked upon the hill both far and near,
 More doleful place did never eye survey ;
 It seemed as if the spring-time came not here, 115
 And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,
When one, who was in Shepherd's garb attired,
Came up the hollow :—him did I accost,
And what this place might be I then inquired. 120

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story told
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.
“A jolly place,” said he, “in times of old !
But something ails it now : the spot is curst.

You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood— 125
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—
These were the bower : and here a mansion stood,
The finest palace of a hundred realms !

The arbour does its own condition tell ;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream : 130
But as to the great Lodge ! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone ;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep, 135
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood : but, for my part,
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy Hart. 140

What thoughts must through the creature's brain have past !
Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,
Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this last—
O Master ! it has been a cruel leap.

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race ; 145
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the Hart might have to love this place,
And come and make his death-bed near the well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide : 150
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wandered from his mother's side.

In April here beneath the flowering thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols sing :
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born 155
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade ;
The sun on drearier hollow never shone ;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain all are gone." 160

"Grey-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken well ;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine ;
This beast not unobserved by Nature fell ;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

The Being that is in the clouds and air, 165
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

The pleasure-house is dust :—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom ; 170
But Nature, in due course of time, once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
 That what we are, and have been, may be known ;
 But at the coming of the milder day, 175
 These monuments shall all be overgrown.

One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
 Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals :
 Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
 With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels." 180

— Wordsworth.

MICHAEL

Descriptive of the scene to which the poem refers
Michael the herdsman, a shepherd dog
 If from the public way you turn your steps *stones*
 Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,
 You will suppose that with an upright path
 Your feet must struggle: in such bold ascent
 The pastoral mountains front you, face to face. 5
 But, courage: for around that boisterous brook
 The mountains have all opened out themselves,
 And made a hidden valley of their own.
 No habitation can be seen; but they
 Who journey thither find themselves alone 10
 With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
 That overhead are sailing in the sky.
It is in truth an utter solitude:
 Nor should I have made mention of this Dell
 But for one object which you might pass by, 15
 Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
 Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones:
 And to that simple object appertains
 A story—unenriched with strange events,
 Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside, 20

Or for the summer shade. It was the first
 Of those domestic tales that spake to me
 Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
 Whom I already loved :—not verily
 For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills 25
 Where was their occupation and abode.
 And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
 Careless of Books, yet having felt the power
 Of Nature, by the gentle agency
 Of natural objects, led me on to feel 30
 For passions that were not my own, and think
 (At random and imperfectly indeed)
 On man, the heart of man, and human life.
 Therefore, although it be a history
 Homely and rude, I will relate the same 35
 For the delight of a few natural hearts :
 And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
 Of youthful Poets, who among these hills
 Will be my second self when I am gone.

completion of the shepherd's physical character
 Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale 40
 There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name :
 An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
 His bodily frame had been from youth to age
 Of an unusual strength : his mind was keen,
 Intense and frugal, apt for all affairs, 45
 And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
 And watchful more than ordinary men.
 Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
 Of blasts of every tone ; and, oftentimes,
 When others heeded not, he heard the South 50
 Make subterraneous music, like the noise
 Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
 The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock

Bethought him, and he to himself would say,
 "The winds are now devising work for me!" 55
 And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives
 The traveller to a shelter, summoned him
 Up to the mountains : he had been alone
 Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
 That came to him, and left him, on the heights. 60
 So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
 And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
 That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,
 Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.
 Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed 65
 The common air ; hills, which with vigorous step
 He had so often climbed ; which had impressed
 So many incidents upon his mind
 Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear ;
 Which, like a book, preserved the memory 70
 Of the dumb animals whom he had saved,
 Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
 The certainty of honourable gain ;
 Those fields, those hills—what could they less?—had laid
 Strong hold on his affections, were to him 75
 A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
 The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness :
 His Helpmate was a comely matron, old—
 Though younger than himself full twenty years, 80
 She was a woman of a stirring life,
 Whose heart was in her house : two wheels she had
 Of antique form ; this large, for spinning wool ;
 That small, for flax ; and if one wheel had rest
 It was because the other was at work. 85
 The Pair had but one inmate in their house,

Tell
how they
worked
winning
romance
right
 An only Child, who had been born to them
 When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
 To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's phrase,
 With one foot in the grave. This only Son, 90
 With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,
 The one of an inestimable worth,
 Made all their household. I may truly say
 That they were as a proverb in the vale
 For endless industry. When day was gone, 95
 And from their occupations out of doors
 The Son and Father were come home, even then
 Their labour did not cease: unless when all
 Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there,
 Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk, 100
 Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes,
 And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when the meal
 Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)
 And his old Father both betook themselves
 To such convenient work as might employ 105
 Their hands by the fireside; perhaps to card
 Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair
 Some injury done to sickle, flail or scythe,
 Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge, 110
 That in our ancient uncouth country style
 With huge and black projection overbrowed
 Large space beneath, as duly as the light
 Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a lamp;
 An aged utensil, which had performed 115
 Service beyond all others of its kind.
 Early at evening did it burn—and late,
 Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,

Which, going by from year to year, had found,
 And left the couple neither gay perhaps 120
 Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,
 Living a life of eager industry.
 And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth year,
 There by the light of this old lamp they sate,
 Father and Son, while far into the night 125
 The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,
 Making the cottage through the silent hours
 Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
 This light was famous in its neighbourhood,
 And was a public symbol of the life 130
 That thrifty pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
 Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
 Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
 High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,
 And westward to the village near the lake ; 135
 And from this constant light, so regular
 And so far seen, the House itself, by all
 Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
 Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR.

Thus living on through such a length of years, 140
 The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
 Have loved his Helpmate: but to Michael's heart
 This son of his old age was yet more dear—
 Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
 Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all — 145
 Than that a child, more than all other gifts
 That earth can offer to declining man,
 Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
 And stirrings of inquietude, when they
 By tendency of nature needs must fail. 150
 Exceeding was the love he bare to him,

His heart and his heart's joy ! For oftentimes
 Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
 Had done him female service, not alone
 For pastime and delight, as is the use 155
 Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
 To acts of tenderness ; and he had rocked
 His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy
 Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love, 160
 Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
 To have the Young-one in his sight, when he
 Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool
 Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched
 Under the large old oak, that near his door 165
 Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,
 Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,
 Thence in our rustic dialect was called
 The CLIPPING TREE, a name which yet it bears.
 There, while they two were sitting in the shade, 170
 With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
 Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
 Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
 Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
 By catching at their legs, or with his shouts 175
 Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up
 A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
 Two steady roses that were five years old:
 Then Michael from a winter coppice cut 180
 With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
 With iron, making it throughout in all

Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
And gave it to the Boy ; wherewith equipt—
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed 185
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock ;
And, to his office prematurely called,
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a help ;
And for this cause not always, I believe, 190
Receiving from his Father hire of praise ;
Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice,
Or looks, or threatening gestures, could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand
Against the mountain blasts, and to the heights, 195
Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
He with his Father daily went, and they
Were as companions, why should I relate
That objects which the Shepherd loved before
Were dearer now ? that from the Boy there came 200
Feelings and emanations—things which were
Light to the sun and music to the wind :
And that the old Man's heart seemed born again ?

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew up :
And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year, 205
He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived
From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
Distressful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound 210
In surety for his brother's son, a man
Of an industrious life, and ample means ;
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly

patrimony Had prest upon him ; and old Michael now
 Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture, 215
 A grievous penalty, but little less
 Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim,
 At the first hearing, for a moment took
 More hope out of his life than he supposed
 That any old man ever could have lost. 220
 As soon as he had armed himself with strength
 To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
 The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once
 A portion of his patrimonial fields.
 Such was his first resolve : he thought again, 225
 And his heart failed him. " Isabel," said he,
 Two evenings after he had heard the news,
 " I have been toiling more than seventy years,
 And in the open sunshine of God's love
 Have we all lived ; yet if these fields of ours 230
 Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
 That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
 Our lot is a hard lot : the sun himself
 Has scarcely been more diligent than I ;
 And I have lived to be a fool at last 235
 To my own family. An evil man
 That was, and made an evil choice, if he
 Were false to us : and if he were not false,
 There are ten thousand to whom loss like this
 Had been no sorrow. I forgive him :—but 240
 'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.

But
 When I began, my purpose was to speak
 Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
 Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel : the land
 Shall not go from us, and it shall be free : 245
 He shall possess it, free as is the wind

That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
 Another kinsman—he will be our friend
 In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
 Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go, 250
 And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift
 He quickly will repair this loss, and then
 He may return to us. If here he stay,
 What can be done? Where every one is poor,
 What can be gained?" 255

At this the old Man paused,
 And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
 Was busy, looking back into past times.
 There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,
 He was a parish-boy—at the church door 260
 They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence
 And half-pennies, wherewith the neighbours bought
 A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares :
 And, with this basket on his arm, the lad
 Went up to London, found a master there, 265
 Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy
 To go and overlook his merchandise
 Beyond the seas ; where he grew wondrous rich,
 And left estates and monies to the poor,
 And, at his birth-place, built a chapel floored 270
 With marble, which he sent from foreign lands.
 These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
 Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
 And her face brightened. The old Man was glad,
 And thus resumed :—"Well, Isabel! this scheme, 275
 These two days, has been meat and drink to me.
 Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
 —We have enough—I wish indeed that I
 Were younger ;—but this hope is a good hope.

—Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best 280
 Buy for him more, and let us send him forth
 To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night :
 —If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-night."

*Description
 of Isabel
 and her prepa-
 rations of the
 good house-
 wife for the
 departure
 of Michael*

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth
 With a light heart. The Housewife for five days 285
 Was restless morn and night, and all day long
 Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
 Things needful for the journey of her son.
 But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
 To stop her in her work : for, when she lay 290
 By Michael's side, she through the last two nights
 Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep :
 And when they rose at morning she could see
 That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon
 She said to Luke, while they two by themselves 295
 Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not go :
 We have no other Child but thee to lose,
 None to remember—do not go away,
 For if thou leave thy Father he will die."
 The Youth made answer with a jocund voice : 300
 And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
 Recovered heart. That evening her best fare
 Did she bring forth, and all together sat
 Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

*Assurance
 of welcome from
 the man*

With daylight Isabel resumed her work : 305
 And all the ensuing week the house appeared
 As cheerful as a grove in Spring : at length
 The expected letter from their kinsman came,
 With kind assurances that he would do
 His utmost for the welfare of the Boy : 310
 To which, requests were added, that forthwith

He might be sent to him. Ten times or more;
 The letter was read over : Isabel
 Went forth to show it to the neighbours round,
 Nor was there at that time on English land 315
 A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel
 Had to her house returned, the old Man said,
 "He shall depart to-morrow." To this word
 The Housewife answered, talking much of things
 Which, if at such short notice he should go, 320
 Would surely be forgotten. But at length
 She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,
 In that deep valley, Michael had designed
 To build a Sheep-fold : and, before he heard 325
 The tidings of his melancholy loss,
 For this same purpose he had gathered up
 A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge
 Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
 With Luke that evening thitherward he walked : 330
 And soon as they had reached the place he stopped,
 And thus the old Man spake to him :—"My Son,
 To-morrow thou wilt leave me : with full heart
 I look upon thee, for thou art the same
 That wert a promise to me ere thy birth, 335
 And all thy life hast been my daily joy.
 I will relate to thee some little part
 Of our two histories ; 'twill do thee good
 When thou art from me, even if I should touch
 On things thou canst not know of.—After thou 340
 First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls
 To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away
 Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue
 Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,

Michael intended to
 build a sheep-fold
 before he heard
 of his loss.

And still I loved thee with increasing love. 345
 Never to living ear came sweeter sounds
 Than when I heard thee by our own fire-side
 First uttering, without words, a natural tune :
 While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
 Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month,
 And in the open fields my life was passed 351.
 And on the mountains : else I think that thou
 Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.
 But we were playmates, Luke : among these hills,
 As well thou knowest, in us the old and young 355
 Have played together, nor with me didst thou
 Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."
 Luke had a manly heart : but at these words
 He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand,
 And said, "Nay, do not take it so—I see 360
 That these are things of which I need not speak.
 —Even to the utmost I have been to thee
 A kind and a good Father : and herein
 I but repay a gift which I myself
 Received at others' hands : for, though now old 365
 Beyond the common life of man, I still
 Remember them who loved me in my youth.
 Both of them sleep together : here they lived,
 As all their Forefathers had done ; and when
 At length their time was come, they were not loth 370
 To give their bodies to the family mould.
 I wished that thou shouldst live the life they lived :
 But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
 And see so little gain from threescore years.
 These fields were burthened when they came to me : 375
 Till I was forty years of age, not more
 Than half of my inheritance was mine.

He goes over
 their lives
 together and
 shows that
 they have
 been
 inseparable

Luke's words
 and the
 comforting
 words of
 the father.

I toiled and toiled : God blessed me in my work,
 And till these three weeks past the land was free.
 —It looks as if it never could endure 380
 Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,
 If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
 That thou shouldst go.”

At this the old Man paused ;
 Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood, 385
 Thus, after a short silence, he resumed :
 “This was a work for us : and now, my Son,
 It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—
 Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
 Nay, Boy, be of good hope:—we both may live 390
 To see a better day. At eighty-four
 I still am strong and hale ; — do thou thy part ;
 I will do mine,—I will begin again
 With many tasks that were resigned to thee ;
 Up to the heights, and in among the storms, 395
 Will I without thee go again, and do
 All works which I was wont to do alone,
 Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, Boy !
 Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
 With many hopes ; it should be so—yes—yes— 400
 I knew that thou couldst never have a wish
 To leave me, Luke : thou hast been bound to me
 Only by links of love : when thou art gone,
 What will be left to us !—But, I forget
 My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone, 405
 As I requested ; and hereafter, Luke,
 When thou art gone away, should evil men
 Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
 And of this moment : hither turn thy thoughts,
 And God will strengthen thee : amid all fear 410

And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou
 May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived,
 Who, being innocent, did for that cause
 Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—
 When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see 415
 A work which is not here : a covenant
 'Twill be between us : but, whatever fate
 Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
 And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

*beginning
he alone*
 The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down,
 And, as his Father had requested, laid 421
 The first stone of the Sheep-fold. At the sight
 The old Man's grief broke from him ; to his heart
 He pressed his Son, he kissèd him and wept :
 And to the house together they returned. 425
 —Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace,
 Ere the night fell :—with morrow's dawn the Boy
 Began his journey, and when he had reached
 The public way, he put on a bold face :
 And all the neighbours, as he passed their doors, 430
 Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,
 That followed him till he was out of sight.

*first good
report of the
people of the
mother*
 A good report did from their Kinsman come,
 Of Luke and his well-doing ; and the Boy
 Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news, 435
 Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout
 "The prettiest letters that were ever seen."
 Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.
 So, many months passed on ; and once again
 The Shepherd went about his daily work 440
 With confident and cheerful thoughts : and now
 Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour

He to that valley took his way, and there
 Wrought at the Sheep-fold. Meantime Luke began
 To slacken in his duty : and at length, 445
 He in the dissolute city gave himself
 To evil courses : ignominy and shame
 Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
 To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love ; 450
 'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
 Would overset the brain, or break the heart :
 I have conversed with more than one who well
 Remember the old Man, and what he was
 Years after he had heard this heavy news. 455
 His bodily frame had been from youth to age
 Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
 He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,
 And listened to the wind : and, as before,
 Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep, 460
 And for the land, his small inheritance.
 And to that hollow dell from time to time
 Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
 His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
 The pity which was then in every heart 465
 For the old Man—and 'tis believed by all
 That many and many a day he thither went,
 And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was he seen
 Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog, 470
 Then old, beside him, lying at his feet,
 The length of full seven years, from time to time,
 He at the building of this Sheep-fold wrought,
 And left the work unfinished when he died.

Three years, or little more, did Isabel 475
 Survive her husband : at her death the estate
 Was sold and went into a stranger's hand.
 The Cottage which was named THE EVENING STAR
 Is gone—the ploughshare has been through the ground
 On which it stood : great changes have been wrought
 In all the neighbourhood :—yet the oak is left 481
 That grew beside their door : and the remains
 Of the unfinished Sheep-fold may be seen
 Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll.

—Wordsworth.

DORA.

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
 William and Dora. William was his son,
 And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
 And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
 Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all, 5
 And yearn'd toward William ; but the youth, because
 (He had been always with her in the house)
 Thought not of Dora.
 Then there came a day
 When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son, 10
 I married late, but I would wish to see
 My grandchild on my knees before I die :
 And I have set my heart upon a match.
 Now therefore look to Dora ; she is well
 To look to ; thrifty too beyond her age. 15
 She is my brother's daughter : he and I
 Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
 In foreign lands ; but for his sake I bred
 His daughter Dora : take her for your wife ;

For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answer'd short :
"I cannot marry Dora ; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said :
"You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it ;
Consider, William : take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish ;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again."
But William answer'd madly ; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields ;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.
Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said : "My girl, I love you well ;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It cannot be : my uncle's mind will change !"
And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William ; then distresses came on him ;
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know

Who sent it ; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat 55
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said :

"I have obey'd my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
This evil came on William at the first. 60
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you :
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest : let me take the boy, 65
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat ; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way 70
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not ; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child ; 75
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her ; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound ; 80
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work, 85

And came and said : " Where were you yesterday ?
Whose child is that ? What are you doing here ? "

So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,

And answer'd softly, " This is William's child ! "

" And did I not," said Allan, " did I not

90

Forbid you, Dora ? " Dora said again :

" Do with me as you will, but take the child,

And bless him for the sake of him that's gone ! "

And Allan said, " I see it is a trick

Got up betwixt you and the woman there.

95

I must be taught my duty, and by you !

You knew my word was law, and yet you dared

To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy ;

But go you hence, and never see me more. "

So saying, he took the boy that cried aloud

100

And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell

At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,

And the boy's cry came to her from the field,

More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,

Remembering the day when first she came,

105

And all the things that had been. She bow'd down

And wept in secret ; and the reapers reap'd,

And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood

Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy

110

Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise

To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.

And Dora said, " My uncle took the boy ;

But, Mary, let me live and work with you :

He says that he will never see me more. "

115

Then answer'd Mary, " This shall never be,

That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself :

And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,

For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
 His mother ; therefore thou and I will go, 120
 And I will have my boy, and bring him home,
 And I will beg of him to take thee back :
 But if he will not take thee back again,
 Then thou and I will live within one house,
 And work for William's child, until he grows 125
 Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd
 Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
 The door was off the latch : they peep'd, and saw
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees, 130
 Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
 And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
 Like one that loved him ; and the lad stretch'd out
 And babbled for the golden seal that hung
 From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire. 135
 Then they came in : but when the boy beheld
 His mother, he cried out to come to her :
 And Allan set him down, and Mary said :
 " O Father !—if you let me call you so—
 I never came a-begging for myself, 140
 Or William, or this child ; but now I come
 For Dora : take her back ; she loves you well.
 O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
 With all men ; for I ask'd him, and he said,
 He could not ever rue his marrying me— 145
 I had been a patient wife : but, Sir, he said
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus :
 ' God bless him ! ' he said, ' and may he never know
 The troubles I have gone thro' ! ' Then he turn'd
 His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am ! 150
 But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you

Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face 155
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—

"I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.
I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame. 160
Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times,
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundredfold; 165
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.

So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate; 170
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

—Tennyson.

RHÆCUS.

God sends His teachers unto every age,
To every clime and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race:
Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp

The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
Infolds some germs of goodness and of right;
 Else never had the eager soul, which loathes 10
The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
 Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

There is an instinct in the human heart
 Which makes that all the fables it hath coined,
 To justify the reign of its belief 15
 And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,
 Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
 Which, like the hazel twig, in faithful hands,
Points surely to the hidden springs of truth.
 For, as in Nature naught is made in vain, 20
 But all things have within their hull of use,
 A wisdom and a meaning which may speak
Of spiritual secrets to the ear
 Of spirit; so, in whatsoe'er the heart
 Hath fashioned for a solace to itself, 25
 To make its inspirations suit its creed,
 And from the niggard hands of falsehood wring
 Its needful food of truth, there ever is
 A sympathy with Nature, which reveals,
 Not less than her own works, pure gleams of light 30
 And earnest parables of inward lore.
 Hear now this fairy legend of old Greece,
 As full of gracious youth and beauty still
 As the immortal freshness of that grace
 Carved for all ages on some Attic frieze. 35

A youth named Rhæcus, wandering in the wood,
 Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall,

And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,
He propped its gray trunk with admiring care,
And with a thoughtless footstep loitered on. 40
But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind
That murmured "Rhæcus!" 'Twas as if the leaves,
Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured it,
And, while he paused bewildered, yet again
It murmured "Rhæcus!" softer than a breeze. 45
He started, and beheld with dizzy eyes
What seemed the substance of a happy dream
Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow
Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak.
It seemed a woman's shape, yet far too fair 50
To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
For any that were wont to mate with gods.
"Rhæcus, I am the Dryad of this tree,"
Thus she began, dropping her low-toned words
Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of dew, 55
"And with it I am doomed to live and die ;
The rain and sunshine are my caterers,
Nor have I other bliss than simple life ;
Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can give,
And with a thankful joy it shall be thine." 60

Then Rhæcus, with a flutter at the heart,
Yet, by the prompting of such beauty bold,
Answered : "What is there that can satisfy
The endless craving of the soul but love ?
Give me thy love, or but the hope of that 65
Which must be evermore my spirit's goal."
After a little pause she said again,
But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,

“I give it, Rhæcus, though a perilous gift ;
An hour before the sunset meet me here.” 70
And straightway there was nothing he could see
But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak,
And not a sound came to his straining ears
But the low trickling rustle of the leaves,
And far away upon an emerald slope 75
The falter of an idle shepherd’s pipe.

Now, in those days of simpleness and faith,
Men did not think that happy things were dreams
Because they overstepped the narrow bourn
Of likelihood, but reverently deemed 80
Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
To be the guerdon of a daring heart.
So Rhæcus made no doubt that he was blest,
And all along unto the city’s gate
Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he walked, 85
The clear, broad sky looked bluer than its wont,
And he could scarce believe he had not wings,
Such sunshine seemed to glitter through his veins,
Instead of blood, so light he felt and strange.

Young Rhæcus had a faithful heart enough, 90
But one that in the present dwelt too much,
And, taking with blithe welcome whatso’er
Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in that,
Like the contented peasant of a vale,
Deemed it the world, and never looked beyond. 95
So, haply meeting in the afternoon
Some comrades who were playing at the dice,
He joined them, and forgot all else beside.

The dice were rattling at the merriest,
And Rhæcus, who had met but sorry luck, 100
Just laughed in triumph at a happy throw,
When through the room there hummed a yellow bee
That buzzed about his ear with down-dropped legs
As if to light. And Rhæcus laughed and said,
Feeling how red and flushed he was with loss, 105
“By Venus! does he take me for a rose?”
And brushed him off with rough, impatient hand.
But still the bee came back, and thrice again
Rhæcus did beat him off with growing wrath.
Then through the window flew the wounded bee, 110
And Rhæcus, tracking him with angry eyes,
Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly
Against the red disk of the setting sun,—
And instantly the blood sank from his heart,
As if its very walls had caved away. 115
Without a word he turned, and, rushing forth,
Ran madly through the city and the gate,
And o’er the plain, which now the wood’s long shade,
By the low sun thrown forward broad and dim,
Darkened well-nigh unto the city’s wall. 120

Quite spent and out of breath he reached the tree,
And, listening fearfully, he heard once more
The low voice murmur “Rhæcus!” close at hand :
Whereat he looked around him, but could see
Naught but the deepening glooms beneath the oak. 125
Then, sighed the voice “O Rhæcus! nevermore
Shalt thou behold me or by day or night,
Me, who would fain have blessed thee with a love
More ripe and bounteous than ever yet

Filled up with nectar any mortal heart : 130
 But thou didst scorn my humble messenger,
 And sent'st him back to me with bruised wings.
 We spirits only show to gentle eyes,
 We ever ask an undivided love,
 And he who scorns the least of Nature's works 135
 Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.
 Farewell ! for thou canst never see me more."

Then Rhæcus beat his breast and groaned aloud,
 And cried, "Be pitiful ! forgive me yet
 This once, and I shall never need it more !" 140
 "Alas !" the voice returned, "'tis thou art blind,
 Not I unmerciful ; I can forgive,
 But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes ;
 Only the soul hath power o'er itself."
 With that again there murmured "Nevermore !" 145
 And Rhæcus after heard no other sound,
 Except the rattling of the oak's crisp leaves,
 Like the long surf upon a distant shore,
 Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down.
 The night had gathered round him : o'er the plain 150
 The city sparkled with its thousand lights,
 And sounds of revel fell upon his ear
 Harshly and like a curse ; above, the sky,
 With all its bright sublimity of stars,
 Deepened, and on his forehead smote the breeze : 155
 Beauty was all around him and delight,
 But from that eve he was alone on earth.

—Lowell.

THE BROOK.

HERE, by this brook, we parted ; I to the East
 And he for Italy—too late—too late :
 One whom the strong sons of the world despise ;
 For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,
 And mellow metres more than cent for cent ;
 Nor could he understand how money breeds,
 Thought it a dead thing ; yet himself could make
 The thing that is not as the thing that is.

O had he lived ! In our schoolbooks we say,
 Of those that held their heads above the crowd, 10
 They flourish'd then or then ; but life in him
 Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd
 On such a time as goes before the leaf,
 When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
 And nothing perfect : yet the brook he loved,
 For which, in branding summers of Bengal,
 Or e'vn the sweet half-English Neilgherry air
 I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
 Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,
 To me that loved him ; for ' O brook,' he says, 20
 ' O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme,
 Whence come you ?' and the brook, why not ? replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

' Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,
 Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,
 It has more ivy ; there the river ; and there
 Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles,
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles. 40

With many a curve my banks I fret
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever. 50

' But Philip chatter'd more than brook or bird ;
 Old Philip ; all about the fields you caught
 His weary daylong chirping, like the dry
 High-elbow'd grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel 60
 With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

‘O darling Katie Willows, his one child !
 A maiden of our century, yet most meek ;
 A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse ;
 Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand ;
 Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

70

‘Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,
 Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,
 James Willows, of one name and heart with her.
 For here I came, twenty years back—the week
 Before I parted with poor Edmund ; crost
 By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,
 Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam
 Beyond it, where the waters marry—crost,
 Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,
 And push’d at Philip’s garden gate. The gate,
 Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,
 Stuck ; and he clamour’d from a casement, “ Run ”
 To Katie somewhere in the walks below,
 “ Run, Katie ! ” Katie never ran : she moved
 To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,
 A little flutter’d, with her eyelids down,
 Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

80

90

‘What was it? less of sentiment than sense
 Had Katie ; not illiterate ; nor of those
 Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
 And nursed by mealy-mouth’d philanthropies,
 Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

‘She told me. She and James had quarrell’d. Why?
What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;
James had no cause: but when I prest the cause,
I learnt that James had flickering jealousies
Which anger’d her. Who anger’d James? I said. 100
But Katie snatch’d her eyes at once from mine,
And sketching with her slender pointed foot
Some figure like a wizard pentagram
On garden gravel, let my query pass
Unclaim’d, in flushing silence, till I ask’d
If James were coming. “Coming every day,”
She answer’d, “ever longing to explain,
But evermore her father came across
With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;
And James departed vext with him and her.” 110
How could I help her? “Would I—was it wrong?”
(Claspt hands and that petitionary grace
Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)
“O would I take her father for one hour,
For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!”
And even while she spoke, I saw where James
Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.
‘O Katie, what I suffer’d for your sake!
For in I went, and call’d old Philip out 120
To show the farm: full willingly he rose:
He led me thro’ the short sweet-smelling lanes
Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.
He praised his land, his horses, his machines;
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs;
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts:
Then from the plaintive mother’s teat he took

Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each, 130
And naming those, his friends, for whom they were :
Then crost the common into Darnley chase
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said :
"That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire."
And there he told a long long-winded tale
Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,
And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd, 140
And how he sent the bailiff to the farm
To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd,
And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,
But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ;
He gave them line : and five days after that
He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,
Who then and there had offer'd something more,
But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ;
He knew the man ; the colt would fetch its price ;
He gave them line : and how by chance at last 150
(It might be May or April, he forgot,
The last of April or the first of May)
He found the bailiff riding by the farm,
And, talking from the point, he drew him in,
And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale,
Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

'Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he,
Poor fellow, could he help it? recommenced,
And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho, 160
Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,
Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,

Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
 And with me Philip, talking stiel ; and so
 We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun,
 And following our own shadows thrice as long
 As when they follow'd us from Philip's door,
 Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content
 Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots, 170
 I slide by hazel covers ;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows ;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses :
 I linger by my shingly bars ; 180
 I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 (For men may come and men may go,)
 But I go on for ever.

Yes, men may come and go ; and these are gone,
 All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,
 Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,
 But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
 Of Brunelleschi ; sleeps in peace : and he, 190
 Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
 Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb :
 I scraped the lichen from it : Katie walks
 By the long wash of Australasian seas
 Far off, and holds her head to other stars,
 And breathes in April-Autumns. All are gone.'

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile
 In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind
 Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook
 A tonsured head in middle age forlorn, 200
 Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath
 Of tender air made tremble in the hedge
 The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings ;
 And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near,
 Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared
 On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within :
 Then, wondering, ask'd her 'Are you from the farm ?'
 'Yes' answer'd she. 'Pray stay a little : pardon me ; 210
 What do they call you ?' 'Katie.' 'That were strange.
 What surname?' 'Willows.' 'No!' 'That is my name.'
 'Indeed !' and here he look'd so self-perplext,
 That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he
 Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes,
 Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
 Then looking at her ; 'Too happy, fresh and fair,
 Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
 To be the ghost of one who bore your name
 About these meadows, twenty years ago.' 220

'Have you not heard ?' said Katie, 'we came back.
 We bought the farm we tenanted before.
 Am I so like her ? so they said on board.
 Sir, if you knew her in her English days,
 My mother, as it seems you did, the days
 That most she loves to talk of, come with me.
 My brother James is in the harvest-field :
 But she—you will be welcome—O, come in !'

ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me. 5
 I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
 Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10
 Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all ; 15
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met ;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades 20
 For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life .
 Were all too little, and of one to me 25
 Little remains : but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30
 To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
 This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—

Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil 35
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
 There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners, 45
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil; 50
 Death closes all: but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep 55
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho' 65
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. 70

—Tennyson.

ODE TO DUTY.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God !
 O Duty ! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou who art' victory and law 5
 When empty terrors overawe ;
 From vain temptations dost set free ;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth, 10
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth :
 Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
 Who do thy work, and know it not :
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced 15
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them
 cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security. 20
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ; 25
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust.

And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred 30
The task, in smother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control ; 35
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance-desires ;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same. 40

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace :
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds 45
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh
and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend 50
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh, let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ; 55
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !

—Wordsworth.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

1. O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red, *address of the*
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes ! O thou 5
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill 10
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odours plain and hill ;
 Wild Spirit which art moving everywhere ;
 Destroyer and preserver ; hear, oh hear !

2. Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion, 15
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning ! there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head 20

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre, 25
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst : Oh hear !

3. Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams

The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers

So sweet the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear

The sapless foliage of the ocean know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh hear!

4. If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;

If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;

A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even

I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,

As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision,—I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.

Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!

I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed

One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

*wandering now
Island of Volcan
near Naples*

5. Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :

What if my leaves are falling like its own ?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone, 60
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth ;
And, by the incantation of this verse, 65

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ? 70
—*Shelley.*

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream. 5
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes, 10
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,

- (Waters on a starry night)
 Are beautiful and fair ; 15
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath past away a glory from the earth.
- Now, while the birds thus sing a joyful song,
 And while the young lambs bound 20
 As to the tabor's sound,
 (To me alone there came a thought of grief :)
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong :
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ; 25
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay ;
 Land and sea 30
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every Beast keep holiday ;—
 Thou Child of Joy,
 And around me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 Shepherd-boy ! 35
 Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal, 40
 The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh evil day ! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,

- And the Children are culling 45
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm :—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear ! 50
 —But there's a Tree, of many, one,
 A single Field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat : 55
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?
-
- Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting, 60
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home : 65
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows
 He sees it in his joy ; 70
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended :
 At length the Man perceives it die away, 75
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim, 80
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses, 85
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart, 90
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral,
 And this hath now his heart, 95
 And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife.
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside, 100
 And with new joy and pride
 The little Actor cons another part :
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ; 105
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity ;
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep 110
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest, 115
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by ; 120
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ? 125
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

 O joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live, 130
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !

(The thought of our past years in me doth breed)
 Perpetual benediction : not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest ; 135
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise ; 140

But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings ;
 Blank misgivings of a Creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized, 145
 High instincts before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may, 150
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake, 155
 To perish never ;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor Man nor Boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy ! 160
 Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither, 165
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
 And let the young Lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound ! 170
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright 175
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower

We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind ; 180

In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be :

In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering ;

In the faith that looks through death. 185

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves !

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
 I only have relinquished one delight 190

To live beneath your more habitual sway.

I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;

The innocent brightness of a new-born Day

Is lovely yet ; 195

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun

Do take a sober colouring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;

Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live, 200

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

—Wordsworth.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

- My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot, 5
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease. 10
- O, for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth.
 O for a beaker full of the warm South, 15
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stainèd mouth ;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim : 20
- Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs, 25
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow. 30

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
 Already with thee! tender is the night, 35
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways. 40

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ; 45
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves ;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves. 50

Darkling I listen ; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die, 55
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
 To thy high requiem became a sod. 60

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path 65
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that ofttimes hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn. 70

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades 75
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ? 80
—Keats.

THE GREEN LINNET.

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head
 With brightest sunshine round me spread
 Of spring's unclouded weather,
 In this sequestered nook how sweet 5
 To sit upon my orchard-seat !
 And birds and flowers once more to greet,
 My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
 In all this covert of the blest : 10

Hail to Thee, far above the rest
 In joy of voice and pinion !
 Thou Linnet ! in thy green array,
 Presiding Spirit here to-day,
 Dost lead the revels of the May ;
 And this is thy dominion.

15

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment : 20
A Life, a Presence like the Air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair ;
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees, 25
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover :
There ! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings 30
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A Brother of the dancing leaves ;
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes ;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

—Wordsworth.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice :
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass 5
Thy twofold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers, 10
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing, 15
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listen'd to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky. 20

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still long'd for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ; 25
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blesséd Bird ! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be 30
 An unsubstantial, faery place
 That is fit home for Thee !

—*Wordsworth.*

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

He spoke of Burns : men rude and rough
 Pressed round to hear the praise of one
 Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
 As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned, 5
 Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,
 His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
 From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
 Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard, 10
 As if in him who read they felt and saw
 Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong
 And slavish tyranny to see,
 A sight to make our faith more pure and strong 15
 In high humanity.

I thought, these men will carry hence
 Promptings their former life above,
 And something of a finer reverence
 For beauty, truth, and love. 20

God scatters love on every side
Freely among His children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds 25
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked for, into high-souled deeds,
With wayside beauty rife. .

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth, 30
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die, 35
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man, 40

And thus, among the untaught poor,
Great deeds and feelings find a home,
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece and Rome.

O mighty brother-soul of man, 45
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
Thy skyey arches with exulting span
O'er-roof infinity !

All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And from the many slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole :

In his wide brain the feeling deep
That struggled on the many's tongue
Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap
O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling,—wide
In the great mass its base is hid,
And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,
A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray who deems
That every hope which rises and grows broad
In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams
From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes : in common souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls
A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
So full of heaven to me as when
I saw how it could pierce through pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century ;—

But better far it is to speak
 One simple word, which now and then
 Shall waken their free nature in the weak
 And friendless sons of men ;

80

To write some earnest verse or line,
 Which, seeking not the praise of art,
 Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
 In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
 May be forgotten in his day,
 But surely shall be crowned at last with those
 Who live and speak for aye.

85

—*Lowell.*

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

O friends ! with whom my feet have trod
 The quiet aisles of prayer,
 Glad witness to your zeal for God
 And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument ;
 Your logic linked and strong
 I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
 And fears a doubt as wrong.

5

But still my human hands are weak
 To hold your iron creeds :
 Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

10

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought ?

Who talks of scheme and plan ?

The Lord is God ? He needeth not

15

The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground S

Ye tread with boldness shod ;

I dare not fix with mete and bound

The love and power of God.

20

Ye praise his justice ; even such

His pitying love I deem :

Ye seek a king ; I fain would touch

The robe that hath no seam. S

Ye see the curse which overbroods

25

A world of pain and loss ;

I hear our Lord's beatitudes S

And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within

Myself, alas ! I know ;

30

Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,

Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,

I veil mine eyes for shame,

And urge in trembling self-distrust,

35

A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,

I feel the guilt within ;

I hear, with groan and travail-cries,

The world confess its sin.

40

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings :
I know that God is good !

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
(But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me. 45

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above : 50
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight.
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own 55
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long.
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong. 60

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak 65
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove ;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

70

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

75

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

80

O brothers ! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee !

85

—Whittier.

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AMBROSE.

Never, surely, was holier man
Than Ambrose, since the world began ;
With diet spare and raiment thin
He shielded himself from the father of sin ;
With bed of iron and scourgings oft, 5
His heart to God's hand as wax made soft.

Through earnest prayer and watchings long
He sought to know 'tween right and wrong,
Much wrestling with the blessed Word
To make it yield the sense of the Lord, 10
That he might build a storm-proof creed
To fold the flock in at their need.

At last he builded a perfect faith,
Fenced round about with *The Lord thus saith* ;
To himself he fitted the doorway's size, 15
Meted the light to the need of his eyes,
And knew, by a sure and inward sign,
That the work of his fingers was divine.

Then Ambrose said, " All those shall die
The eternal death who believe not as I ;" 20
And some were boiled, some burned in fire,
Some sawn in twain, that his heart's desire,
For the good of men's souls, might be satisfied
By the drawing of all to the righteous side.

One day, as Ambrose was seeking the truth 25
In his lonely walk, he saw a youth
Resting himself in the shade of a tree ;
It had never been granted him to see
So shining a face, and the good man thought
"Twere pity he should not believe as he ought. 30

So he set himself by the young man's side,
And the state of his soul with questions tried ;
But the heart of the stranger was hardened indeed,
Nor received the stamp of the one true creed ;
And the spirit of Ambrose waxed sore to find 35
Such face the porch of so narrow a mind.

“ As each beholds in cloud and fire
The shape that answers his own desire,
So each,” said the youth, “ in the law shall find
The figure and features of his mind ; 40
And to each in His mercy hath God allowed
His several pillar of fire and cloud.”

The soul of Ambrose burned with zeal
And holy wrath for the young man's weal :
“ Believest thou then, most wretched youth,” 45
Cried he, “ a dividual essence in truth ?
I fear me thy heart is too cramped with sin
To take the Lord in His glory in.”

Now there bubbled beside them where they stood
A fountain of waters sweet and good ; 50
The youth to the streamlet's brink drew near,
Saying, “ Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look here !”
Six vases of crystal then he took,
And set them along the edge of the brook.

“ As into these vessels the water I pour, 55
There shall one hold less, another more,
And the water unchanged, in every case,
Shall put on the figure of the vase ;
O thou, who wouldst unity make through strife,
Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life ?” 60

When Ambrose looked up, he stood alone,
 The youth and the stream and the vases were gone ;
 But he knew, by a sense of humbled grace,
 He had talked with an angel face to face,
 And felt his heart change inwardly, 65
 As he fell on his knees beneath the tree.

—*Lowell.*

THE RIVER PATH.

No bird-song floated down the hill,
 The tangled bank below was still ;
 No rustle from the birchen stem,
 No ripple from the water's hem.
 The dusk of twilight round us grew, 5
 We felt the falling of the dew ;
 For, from us, ere the day was done,
 The wooded hills shut out the sun.
 But on the river's farther side
 We saw the hill-tops glorified,— 10
 A tender glow, exceeding fair,
 A dream of day without its glare.
 With us the damp, the chill, the gloom :
 With them the sunset's rosy bloom ;
 While dark, through willowy vistas seen, 15
 The river rolled in shade between.
 From out the darkness where we trod,
 We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun.
We spake not, but our thought was one. 20

(We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before ;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear !

Sudden our pathway turned from night ; 25
The hills swung open to the light ;

Through their green gates the sunshine showed
A long, slant splendour downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled ;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold ; 30

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side !

“So,” prayed we, “when our feet draw near
The river dark with mortal fear,

“And the night cometh chill with dew, 35
O Father ! let Thy light break through !

(“So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide !

“So let the eyes that fail on earth
On Thy eternal hills look forth ; 40

“And in Thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below !”

—Whittier.

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THE WAITING.

- I wait and watch ; before my eyes
 Methinks the night grows thin and gray ;
 I wait and watch the eastern skies
 To see the golden spears arise
 Beneath the oriflamme of day! 5
- Like one whose limbs are bound in trance
 I hear the day-sounds swell and grow,
 And see across the twilight glance,
 Troop after troop, in swift advance,
 The shining ones with plumes of snow ! 10
- I know the errand of their feet,
 I know what mighty work is theirs ;
 I can but lift up hands unmeet,
 The threshing-floors of God to beat,
 And speed them with unworthy prayers. 15
- I will not dream in vain despair
 The steps of progress wait for me :
 The puny leverage of a hair
 The planet's impulse well may spare,
 A drop of dew the tided sea. 20
- The loss, if loss there be, is mine,
 And yet not mine if understood :
 For one shall grasp and one resign,
 One drink life's rue, and one its wine,
 And God shall make the balance good. 25
- O power to do ! O baffled will !
 O prayer and action ! ye are one.
 Who may not strive, may yet fulfil
 The harder task of standing still,
 And good but wished with God is done ! 30

—Whittier.

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THE FALL OF TERNI.

The roar of waters !—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;
The fall of waters ! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss ;
The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again 10
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald. How profound
The gulf! and how the giant element 15
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea 20
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings through the vale :--Look back !
Lo ! where it comes like an eternity, 25
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,

An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge, 30
 Like Hope upon a deathbed, and, unworn
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn :
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene, 35
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.
—Byron.

A THUNDERSTORM IN THE ALPS.

The sky is changed !—and such a change ! O night,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among 5
 Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue ;
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night :—Most glorious night ! 10
 Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
 A portion of the tempest and of thee !
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth ! 15
 And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
 Heights which appear as lovers who have parted 20

In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
 That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted ;
 Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
 Love was the very root of the fond rage
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed : 25
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age
 Of years all winters—war within themselves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand ;
 For here, not one, but many, make their play, 30
 And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
 Flashing and cast around : of all the band,
 The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
 His lightnings, as if he did understand
 That in such gaps as desolation work'd, 35
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings ! ye,
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be
 Things that have made me watchful ; the far roll 40
 Of your departing voices, is the knoll
 Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
 But where of ye, O tempests ! is the goal ?
 Are ye like those within the human breast ?
 Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high nest ! 45

Could I embody and unbosom now
 That which is most within me,—could I wreak
 My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
 Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
 All that I would have sought, and all I seek, 50
 Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one word,

And that one word were Lightning, I would speak ;
 But as it is, I live and die unheard,
 With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn 55
 With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
 Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
 And living as if earth contain'd no tomb—
 And glowing into day : we may resume
 The march of our existence : and thus I, 60
 Still on thy shores, fair Leman ! may find room
 And food for meditation, nor pass by
 Much that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.
—Byron.

THE EDUCATION OF NATURE.

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
 Then Nature said, “A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown :
 This Child I to myself will take ;
 She shall be mine, and I will make 5
 A Lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse : and with me
 The Girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower, 10
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
 That wild with glee across the lawn

Or up the mountain springs ; 15
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ; 20
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear 25
To her : and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face. 30

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell:
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live 35
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene ; 40
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

—Wordsworth.

THE JOYS OF THE ROAD.

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these :

A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees ;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too ;

A shadowy highway, cool and brown, 5
Alluring up and enticing down

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp ;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill ; 10

The tempter apple over the fence ;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince ;

The palish asters along the wood,—
A lyric touch of the solitude ;

An open hand, an easy shoe, 15
And a hope to make the day go through,—

Another to sleep with, and a third
To wake me up at the voice of a bird ;

The resonant far-listening morn,
And the hoarse whisper of the corn ; 20

The crickets mourning their comrades lost,
In the night's retreat from the gathering frost ;

(Or is it their slogan, plaintive and shrill,
As they beat on their corselets, valiant still ?)

A hunger fit for the kings of the sea,
And a loaf of bread for Dickon and me ; 25

A thirst like that of the Thirsty Sword,
And a jug of cider on the board ;

An idle noon, a bubbling spring,
The sea in the pine-tops murmuring ; 30

A scrap of gossip at the ferry ;
A comrade neither glum nor merry,

Asking nothing, revealing naught,
But minting his words from a fund of thought,

A keeper of silence eloquent, 35
Needy, yet royally well content,

Of the mettled breed, yet abhorring strife,
And full of the mellow juice of life,

Never heart-whole, never heart-sick,
(These are the things I worship in Dick) 40

No fidget and no reformer, just
A calm observer of ought and must,

A lover of books, but a reader of man,
No cynic and no charlatan,

Who never defers and never demands, 45
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands,—

Seeing it good as when God first saw
And gave it the weight of His will for law.

And O the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying sun, 50

By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream,

Delusion afar, delight anear,
From morrow to morrow, from year'to year,

A jack-o'-lantern, a fairy fire, 55
A dare, a bliss, and a desire !

The racy smell of the forest loam,
When the stealthy, sad-hearted leaves go home ;

(O leaves, O leaves, I am one with you,
Of the mould and the sun and the wind and the
dew !) 60

The broad gold wake of the afternoon ;
The silent fleck of the cold new moon ;

The sound of the hollow sea's release
From stormy tumult to starry peace ;

With only another league to wend ; 65
And two brown arms at the journey's end !

These are the joys of the open road—
For him who travels without a load.

—*From Songs from Vagabondia, by Bliss Carman.*

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A SONG OF GROWTH.

In the heart of a man
Is a thought upfurled :
Reached its full span
It will shake the world,—
And to one high thought 5
Is a whole race wrought.

Not with vain noise
The great work grows,
Nor with foolish voice,—
But in repose ; 10
Not in the rush,
But in the hush ?

From the cogent lash
Of the cloud-herd wind
The low clouds dash, 15
Blown headlong, blind ;
But beyond, the great blue
Looks moveless through.

O'er the loud world sweep
The scourge and the rod : 20
But in deep beyond deep
Is the stillness of God,—
At the fountains of Life
No cry, no strife !

—Chas. G. D. Roberts. *By permission of the author.*

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass !
 Reaping and singing by herself :
 Stop here, or gently pass !
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain, 5
 And sings a melancholy strain ;
 O listen, for the Vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands 10
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands ;
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas 15
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago : 20
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day ?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang 25
 As if her song could have no ending ;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending ;—
 I listened, motionless and still ;
 And, as I mounted up the hill, 30
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

—*Wordsworth.*

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

Agincourt, Agincourt ! know ye not Agincourt ?

Where the English slew and hurt

All the French foemen.

With our guns and bills brown,

O ! the French were beat down,

Morris-pikes and bowmen !

5

—*T. Heywood.*

* * * * *

Fair stood the wind for France

When we our sails advance,

Nor now to prove our chance

Longer will tarry ;

10

But putting to the main,

At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,

With all his martial train,

Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,

15

Furnish'd in warlike sort,

Marcheth towards Agincourt

In happy hour ;

Skirmishing day by day

With those that stopp'd his way,

20

Where the French general lay

With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,

King Henry to deride,

His ransom to provide

25

To the King sending ;

Which he neglects the while,

As from a nation vile,

Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending. 30

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
"Though they to one be ten,
"Be not amazed!
"Yet have well begun, 35
"Battles so bravely won
"Have ever to the sun
"By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be; 40
"England, ne'er mourn for me,
"Nor more esteem me:—
"Victor I will remain,
"Or on this earth lie slain;
"Never shall she sustain 45
"Loss to redeem me.

"Poictiers and Cressy tell,
"When most their pride did swell—
"Under our swords they fell:—
"No less our skill is 50
"Then when our grandsire great,
"Claiming the regal seat,
"By many a warlike feat
"Lopp'd the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread, 55
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen.

Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there ; 60
O Lord ! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone :
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan ; 65
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake ;
Trumpet to trumpet spake ;
Thunder to thunder. 70

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces ;
When from a meadow by, 75
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long, 80
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts, 85
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew ;
Not one was tardy ; 90
Arms were from shoulders sent ;
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went ;
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King, 95
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep-wound lent
His arms with blood besprent ; 100
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood, 105
With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another. 110

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up ;

Suffolk his axe did ply, 115
 Beaumont and Willoughby—
 Bare them right doughtily—
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
 Fought was this noble fray, 120
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry.
 O when shall Englishmen
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again 125
 Such a King Harry!

—*M. Drayton.*

DRAKE'S DRUM.

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombro Dios Bay,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships, 5
 Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
 An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?), 10
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 "Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
 Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;

THE AMBITIOUS GUEST.

One September night a family had gathered round their hearth, and piled it high with the driftwood of mountain streams, the dry cones of the pine, and the splintered ruins of great trees that had come crashing down the precipice. Up the chimney roared the fire, and brightened the room with its broad blaze. The faces of the father and mother had a sober gladness; the children laughed; the eldest daughter was the image of Happiness at seventeen; and the aged grandmother, who sat knitting in the warmest place, was the image of Happiness grown old. They had found the "herb, heart's-ease," in the bleakest spot of all New England. This family were situated in the Notch of the White Hills, where the wind was sharp throughout the year, and pitilessly cold in the winter,—giving their cottage all its fresh inclemency before it descended on the valley of the Saco. They dwelt in a cold spot and a dangerous one; for a mountain towered above their heads, so steep that the stones would often rumble down its sides and startle them at midnight.

The daughter had just uttered some simple jest that filled them all with mirth, when the wind came through the Notch and seemed to pause before their cottage—rattling the door, with a sound of wailing and lamentation, before it passed into the valley. For a moment it saddened them, though there was nothing unusual in the tones. But the family were glad again when they

perceived that the latch was lifted by some traveller, whose footsteps had been unheard amid the dreary blast which heralded his approach, and wailed as he was entering, and went moaning away from the door.

Though they dwelt in such a solitude, these people held daily converse with the world. The romantic pass of the Notch is a great artery, through which the life-blood of internal commerce is continually throbbing between Maine, on one side, and the Green Mountains and the shores of the St. Lawrence, on the other. The stage-coach always drew up before the door of the cottage. The wayfarer, with no companion but his staff, paused here to exchange a word, that the sense of loneliness might not utterly overcome him ere he could pass through the cleft of the mountain, or reach the first house in the valley. And here the teamster, on his way to Portland market, would put up for the night; and, if a bachelor, might sit an hour beyond the usual bedtime, and steal a kiss from the mountain maid at parting. It was one of those primitive taverns where the traveller pays only for food and lodging, but meets with a homely kindness beyond all price. When the footsteps were heard, therefore, between the outer door and the inner one, the whole family rose up, grandmother, children, and all, as if about to welcome some one who belonged to them, and whose fate was linked with theirs.

The door was opened by a young man. His face at first wore the melancholy expression, almost despondency, of one who travels a wild and bleak road, at nightfall and alone, but soon brightened up when he saw the kindly warmth of his reception. He felt his heart spring for-

ward to meet them all, from the old woman, who wiped a chair with her apron, to the little child that held out its arms to him. One glance and smile placed the stranger on a footing of innocent familiarity with the eldest daughter.

"Ah, this fire is the right thing!" cried he; "especially when there is such a pleasant circle round it. I am quite benumbed; for the Notch is just like the pipe of a great pair of bellows; it has blown a terrible blast in my face all the way from Bartlett."

"Then you are going towards Vermont?" said the master of the house, as he helped to take a light knapsack off the young man's shoulders.

"Yes; to Burlington, and far enough beyond," replied he. "I meant to have been at Ethan Crawford's to-night; but a pedestrian lingers along such a road as this. It is no matter; for, when I saw this good fire, and all your cheerful faces, I felt as if you had kindled it on purpose for me, and were waiting my arrival. So I shall sit down among you, and make myself at home."

The frank-hearted stranger had just drawn his chair to the fire when something like a heavy footstep was heard without, rushing down the steep side of the mountain, as with long and rapid strides, and taking such a leap in passing the cottage as to strike the opposite precipice. The family held their breath, because they knew the sound, and their guest held his by instinct.

"The old mountain has thrown a stone at us, for fear we should forget him," said the landlord, recovering himself. "He sometimes nods his head and threatens to come down; but we are old neighbors, and agree together

pretty well upon the whole. Besides we have a sure place of refuge hard by if he should be coming in good earnest."

Let us now suppose the stranger to have finished his supper of bear's meat; and, by his natural felicity of manner, to have placed himself on a footing of kindness with the whole family, so that they talked as freely together as if he belonged to their mountain brood. He was of a proud, yet gentle spirit—haughty and reserved among the rich and great; but ever ready to stoop his head to the lowly cottage door, and be like a brother or a son at a poor man's fireside. In the household of the Notch he found warmth and simplicity of feeling, the pervading intelligence of New England, and a poetry of native growth, which they had gathered when they little thought of it from the mountain peaks and chasms, and at the very threshold of their romantic and dangerous abode. He had travelled far and alone; his whole life, indeed, had been a solitary path; for, with the lofty caution of his nature, he had kept himself apart from those who might otherwise have been his companions. The family, too, though so kind and hospitable, had that consciousness of unity among themselves, and separation from the world at large, which, in every domestic circle, should still keep a holy place where no stranger may intrude. But this evening a prophetic sympathy impelled the refined and educated youth to pour out his heart before the simple mountaineers, and constrained them to answer him with the same free confidence. And thus it should have been. Is not the kindred of a common fate a closer tie than that of birth?

The secret of the young man's character was a high and abstracted ambition. He could have borne to live an undistinguished life, but not to be forgotten in the grave. Yearning desire had been transformed to hope; and hope, long cherished, had become like certainty, that, obscurely as he journeyed now, a glory was to beam on all his pathway,—though not, perhaps, while he was treading it. But when posterity should gaze back into the gloom of what was now the present, they would trace the brightness of his footsteps, brightening as meaner glories faded, and confess that a gifted one had passed from his cradle to his tomb with none to recognize him.

“As yet,” cried the stranger—his cheek glowing and his eye flashing with enthusiasm—“as yet, I have done nothing. Were I to vanish from the earth to-morrow, none would know so much of me as you: that a nameless youth came up at nightfall from the valley of the Saco, and opened his heart to you in the evening, and passed through the Notch by sunrise, and was seen no more. Not a soul would ask, ‘Who was he? Whither did the wanderer go?’ But I cannot die till I have achieved my destiny. Then, let Death come! I shall have built my monument!”

There was a continual flow of natural emotion, gushing forth amid abstracted reverie, which enabled the family to understand this young man's sentiments, though so foreign from their own. With quick sensibility of the ludicrous, he blushed at the ardor into which he had been betrayed.

“You laugh at me,” said he, taking the eldest daugh-

ter's hand, and laughing himself. "You think my ambition as nonsensical as if I were to freeze myself to death on the top of Mount Washington, only that people might spy at me from the country round about. And, truly that would be a noble pedestal for a man's statue!"

"It is better to sit here by this fire," answered the girl, blushing, "and be comfortable and contented, though nobody thinks about us."

"I suppose," said her father, after a fit of musing, "there is something natural in what the young man says; and if my mind had been turned that way, I might have felt just the same. It is strange, wife, how his talk has set my head running on things that are pretty certain never to come to pass."

"Perhaps they may," observed the wife. "Is the man thinking what he will do when he is a widower?"

"No, no!" cried he, repelling the idea with reproachful kindness. "When I think of your death, Esther, I think of mine too. But I was wishing we had a good farm in Bartlett, or Bethlehem, or Littleton, or some other township round the White Mountains; but not where they could tumble on our heads. I should want to stand well with my neighbors and be called Squire, and sent to General Court for a term or two; for a plain, honest man may do as much good there as a lawyer. And when I should be grown quite an old man, and you an old woman, so as not to be long apart, I might die happy enough in my bed, and leave you all crying around me. A slate gravestone would suit me as well as a marble one—with just my name and age, and a verse

of a hymn, and something to let people know that I lived an honest man and died a Christian."

"There now!" exclaimed the stranger; "it is our nature to desire a monument, be it slate or marble, or a pillar of granite, or a glorious memory in the universal heart of man."

"We're in a strange way to-night," said the wife, with tears in her eyes. "They say it's a sign of something, when folks' minds go a wandering so. Hark to the children!"

They listened accordingly. The younger children had been put to bed in another room, but with an open door between, so that they could be heard talking busily among themselves. One and all seemed to have caught the infection from the fireside circle, and were outvying each other in wild wishes, and childish projects of what they would do when they came to be men and women. At length a little boy, instead of addressing his brothers and sisters, called out to his mother.

"I'll tell you what I wish, mother," cried he. "I want you and father and grandma'm, and all of us, and the stranger too, to start right away, and go and take a drink out of the basin of the Flume!"

Nobody could help laughing at the child's notion of leaving a warm bed, and dragging them from a cheerful fire, to visit the basin of the Flume,—a brook, which tumbles over the precipice, deep within the Notch. The boy had hardly spoken when a wagon rattled along the road, and stopped a moment before the door. It appeared to contain two or three men, who were cheering their hearts with the rough chorus of a song, which resounded,

in broken notes, between the cliffs, while the singers hesitated whether to continue their journey or put up here for the night."

"Father," said the girl, "they are calling you by name."

But the good man doubted whether they had really called him, and was unwilling to show himself too solicitous of gain by inviting people to patronize his house. He therefore did not hurry to the door; and the lash being soon applied, the travellers plunged into the Notch, still singing and laughing, though their music and mirth came back drearily from the heart of the mountain.

"There, mother!" cried the boy, again. "They'd have given us a ride to the Flume."

Again they laughed at the child's pertinacious fancy for a night ramble. But it happened that a light cloud passed over the daughter's spirit; she looked gravely into the fire, and drew a breath that was almost a sigh. It forced its way, in spite of a little struggle to repress it. Then starting and blushing, she looked quickly round the circle, as if they had caught a glimpse into her bosom. The stranger asked what she had been thinking of.

"Nothing," answered she, with a downcast smile. "Only I felt lonesome just then."

"Oh, I have always had a gift of feeling what is in other people's hearts," said he, half seriously. "Shall I tell the secrets of yours? For I know what to think when a young girl shivers by a warm hearth and complains of lonesomeness at her mother's side. Shall I put these feelings into words?"

"They would not be a girl's feelings any longer if they could be put into words," replied the mountain nymph, laughing, but avoiding his eye.

All this was said apart. Perhaps a germ of love was springing in their hearts, so pure that it might blossom in Paradise, since it could not be matured on earth; for women worship such gentle dignity as his; and the proud, contemplative, yet kindly soul is oftenest captivated by simplicity like hers. But while they spoke softly, and he was watching the happy sadness, the lightsome shadows, the shy yearnings of a maiden's nature, the wind through the Notch took a deeper and drearier sound. It seemed, as the fanciful stranger said, like the choral strain of the spirits of the blast, who in old Indian times had their dwelling among these mountains, and made their heights and recesses a sacred region. There was a wail along the road, as if a funeral were passing. To chase away the gloom, the family threw pine branches on their fire, till the dry leaves crackled and the flame arose, discovering once again a scene of peace and humble happiness. The light hovered about them fondly, and caressed them all. There were the little faces of the children, peeping from their bed apart, and here the father's frame of strength, the mother's subdued and careful mien, the high-browed youth, the budding girl, and the good old grandam, still knitting in the warmest place. The aged woman looked up from her task, and with her fingers ever busy, was the next to speak.

"Old folks have their notions," said she, "as well as young ones. You've been wishing and planning; and

letting your heads run on one thing and another, till you've set my mind a wandering too. Now what should an old woman wish for, when she can but go a step or two before she comes to her grave? Children, it will haunt me night and day till I tell you."

"What is it, mother?" cried the husband and wife at once.

Then the old woman, with an air of mystery which drew the circle closer round the fire, informed them that she had provided her grave-clothes some years before,—a nice linen shroud, a cap with a muslin ruff, and everything of a finer sort than she had worn since her wedding day. But this evening an old superstition had strangely recurred to her. It used to be said, in her younger days, that if anything were amiss with a corpse, if only the ruff were not smooth, or the cap did not set right, the corpse in the coffin and beneath the clods would strive to put up its cold hands and arrange it. The bare thought made her nervous.

"Don't talk so, grandmother!" said the girl shuddering.

"Now,"—continued the old woman, with singular earnestness, yet smiling strangely at her own folly,—“I want one of you, my children—when your mother is dressed and in the coffin—I want one of you to hold a looking-glass over my face. Who knows but I may take a glimpse at myself, and see whether all's right?”

“Old and young, we dream of graves and monuments,” murmured the stranger youth. “I wonder how mariners feel when the ship is sinking, and they, unknown and undistinguished, are to be buried together in the ocean—that wide and nameless sepulchre?”

For a moment, the old woman's ghastly conception so engrossed the minds of her hearers that a sound abroad in the night, rising like the roar of a blast, had grown broad, deep, and terrible, before the fated group were conscious of it. The house and all within it trembled; the foundations of the earth seemed to be shaken, as if this awful sound were the peal of the last trump. Young and old exchanged one wild glance, and remained an instant, pale, affrighted, without utterance, or power to move. Then the same shriek burst simultaneously from all their lips.

"The Slide! The Slide!"

The simplest words must intimate, but not portray, the unutterable horror of the catastrophe. The victims rushed from their cottage, and sought refuge in what they deemed a safer spot—where, in contemplation of such an emergency, a sort of barrier had been reared. Alas! they had quitted their security, and fled right into the pathway of destruction. Down came the whole side of the mountain, in a cataract of ruin. Just before it reached the house, the stream broke into two branches—shivered not a window there, but overwhelmed the whole vicinity, blocked up the road, and annihilated everything in its dreadful course. Long ere the thunder of the great Slide had ceased to roar among the mountains, the mortal agony had been endured, and the victims were at peace. Their bodies were never found.

The next morning, the light smoke was seen stealing from the cottage chimney up the mountain side. Within, the fire was yet smouldering on the hearth, and the chairs in a circle round it, as if the inhabitants had but

gone forth to view the devastation of the Slide, and would shortly return, to thank Heaven for their miraculous escape. All had left separate tokens, by which those who had known the family were made to shed a tear for each. Who has not heard their name? The story has been told far and wide, and will forever be a legend of these mountains. Poets have sung their fate.

There were circumstances which led some to suppose that a stranger had been received into the cottage on this awful night, and had shared the catastrophe of all its inmates. Others denied that there were sufficient grounds for such a conjecture. Woe for the high-souled youth with his dream of Earthly Immortality! His name and person utterly unknown; his history, his way of life, his plans, a mystery never to be solved, his death and his existence equally a doubt! Whose was the agony of that death moment?

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

TITBOTTOM'S SPECTACLES.

Prue and I do not entertain much; our means forbid it. In truth, other people entertain for us. We enjoy that hospitality of which no account is made. We see the show, and hear the music, and smell the flowers, of great festivities, tasting, as it were, the drippings from rich dishes.

Our own dinner service is remarkably plain; our dinners, even on state occasions, are strictly in keeping, and almost our only guest is Titbottom. I buy a hand-

ful of roses as I come up from the office, perhaps, and Prue arranges them so prettily in a glass dish for the centre of the table, that, even when I have hurried out to see Aurelia step into her carriage to go out to dine, I have thought that the bouquet she carried was not more beautiful because it was more costly.

I grant that it was more harmonious with her superb beauty and her rich attire. And I have no doubt that if Aurelia knew the old man whom she must have seen so often watching her, and his wife, who ornaments her sex with as much sweetness, although with less splendor, than Aurelia herself, she would also acknowledge that the nosegay of roses was as fine and fit upon their table, as her own sumptuous bouquet is for herself. I have so much faith in the perception of that lovely lady.

It is my habit—I hope I may say, my nature—to believe the best of people, rather than the worst. If I thought that all this sparkling setting of beauty,—this fine fashion,—these blazing jewels, and lustrous silks, and airy gauzes, embellished with gold-threaded embroidery and wrought in a thousand exquisite elaborations, so that I cannot see one of those lovely girls pass me by, without thanking God for the vision,—if I thought that this was all, and that, underneath her lace flounces and diamond bracelets, Aurelia was a sullen, selfish woman, then I should turn sadly homeward, for I should see that her jewels were flashing scorn upon the object they adorned, that her laces were of a more exquisite loveliness than the woman whom they merely touched with a superficial grace. It would be like a gayly decorated mausoleum,—bright to see, but silent and dark within.

"Great excellences, my dear Prue," I sometimes allow myself to say, "lie concealed in the depths of character, like pearls at the bottom of the sea. Under the laughing, glancing surface, how little they are suspected! Perhaps love is nothing else than the sight of them by one person. Hence every man's mistress is apt to be an enigma to everybody else.

"I have no doubt that when Aurelia is engaged, people will say she is a most admirable girl, certainly, but they cannot understand why any man should be in love with her. As if it were at all necessary that they should! And her lover, like a boy who finds a pearl in the public street, and wonders as much that others did not see it as that he did, will tremble until he knows his passion is returned; feeling, of course, that the whole world must be in love with this paragon, who cannot possibly smile upon anything so unworthy as he.

"I hope, therefore, my dear Mrs. Prue," I continue, and my wife looks up, with pleased pride, from her work, as if I were such an irresistible humorist, "you will allow me to believe that the depth may be calm, although the surface is dancing. If you tell me that Aurelia is but a giddy girl, I shall believe that you think so. But I shall know, all the while, what profound dignity, and sweetness, and peace, lie at the foundation of her character."

I say such things to Titbottom, during the dull season at the office. And I have known him sometimes to reply, with a kind of dry, sad humor, not as if he enjoyed the joke, but as if the joke must be made, that he saw no reason why I should be dull because the season was so.

"And what do I know of Aurelia, or any other girl?" he says to me with that abstracted air, "I, whose Aurelias were of another century, and another zone."

Then he falls into a silence which it seems quite profane to interrupt. But as we sit upon our high stools, at the desk, opposite each other, I leaning upon my elbows, and looking at him, he, with sidelong face, glancing out of the window, as if it commanded a boundless landscape, instead of a dim, dingy office court, I cannot refrain from saying:—

"Well!"

He turns slowly, and I go chatting on,—a little too loquacious, perhaps, about those young girls. But I know that Titbottom regards such an excess as venial, for his sadness is so sweet that you could believe it the reflection of a smile from long, long years ago.

One day, after I had been talking for a long time, and we had put up our books, and were preparing to leave, he stood for some time by the window, gazing with a drooping intentness, as if he really saw something more than the dark court, and said slowly:—

"Perhaps you would have different impressions of things, if you saw them through my spectacles."

There was no change in his expression. He still looked from the window, and I said:—

"Titbottom, I did not know that you used glasses. I have never seen you wearing spectacles."

"No, I don't often wear them. I am not very fond of looking through them. But sometimes an irresistible necessity compels me to put them on, and I cannot help seeing."

Titbottom sighed.

"Is it so grievous a fate to see?" inquired I.

"Yes; through my spectacles," he said, turning slowly, and looking at me with wan solemnity.

It grew dark as we stood in the office talking, and, taking our hats, we went out together. The narrow street of business was deserted. The heavy iron shutters were gloomily closed over the windows. From one or two offices struggled the dim gleam of an early candle, by whose light some perplexed accountant sat belated, and hunting for his error. A careless clerk passed, whistling. But the great tide of life had ebbed. We heard its roar far away, and the sound stole into that silent street like the murmur of the ocean into an inland dell.

"You will come and dine with us, Titbottom?"

He assented by continuing to walk with me, and I think we were both glad when we reached the house, and Prue came to meet us, saying:

"Do you know, I hoped you would bring Mr. Titbottom to dine."

Titbottom smiled gently, and answered:—

"He might have brought his spectacles with him, and have been a happier man for it."

Prue looked a little puzzled.

"My dear," I said, "you must know that our friend, Mr. Titbottom, is the happy possessor of a pair of wonderful spectacles. I have never seen them, indeed; and, from what he says, I should be rather afraid of being seen by them. Most short-sighted persons are very glad

to have the help of glasses; but Mr. Titbottom seems to find very little pleasure in his."

"It is because they make him too far-sighted, perhaps," interrupted Prue, quietly, as she took the silver soup-ladle from the sideboard.

We sipped our wine after dinner, and Prue took her work. Can a man be too far-sighted? I did not ask the question aloud. The very tone in which Prue had spoken convinced me that he might.

"At least," I said, "Mr. Titbottom will not refuse to tell us the history of his mysterious spectacles. I have known plenty of magic in eyes (and I glanced at the tender blue eyes of Prue), but I have not heard of any enchanted glasses."

"Yet you must have seen the glass in which your wife looks every morning, and, I take it, that glass must be daily enchanted," said Titbottom, with a bow of quaint respect to my wife.

I do not think I have seen such a blush upon Prue's cheek since—well, since a great many years ago.

"I will gladly tell you the history of my spectacles," began Titbottom. "It is very simple; and I am not at all sure that a great many other people have not a pair of the same kind. I have never, indeed, heard of them by the gross, like those of our young friend Moses, the son of the Vicar of Wakefield. In fact, I think a gross would be quite enough to supply the world. It is a kind of article for which the demand does not increase with use. If we should all wear spectacles like mine, we should never smile any more. Or—I am not quite sure—we should all be very happy."

"A very important difference," said Prue, counting her stitches.

"You know my grandfather Titbottom was a West Indian. A large proprietor, and an easy man, he basked in the tropical sun, leading his quiet, luxurious life. He lived much alone, and was what the people call eccentric—by which I understand that he was very much himself, and refusing the influence of other people, they had their revenges, and called him names. It is a habit not exclusively tropical. I think I have seen the same thing even in this city.

"But he was greatly beloved—my bland and bountiful grandfather. He was so large-hearted and open-handed. He was so friendly, and thoughtful, and genial that even his jokes had the air of graceful benedictions. He did not seem to grow old, and he was one of those who never appear to have been very young. He flourished in a perennial maturity, an immortal middle age.

"My grandfather lived upon one of the small islands—St. Kitt's perhaps—and his domain extended to the sea. His house, a rambling West Indian mansion, was surrounded with deep, spacious piazzas, covered with luxurious lounges, among which one capacious chair was his peculiar seat. They tell me, he used sometimes to sit there for the whole day, his great, soft, brown eyes fastened upon the sea, watching the specks of sails that flashed upon the horizon, while the evanescent expressions chased each other over his placid face as if it reflected the calm and changing sea before him.

"His morning costume was an ample dressing-gown of gorgeously flowered silk, and his morning was very

apt to last all day. He rarely read ; but he would pace the great piazza for hours, with his hands buried in the pockets of his dressing-gown, and an air of sweet reverie, which any book must be a very entertaining one to produce.

“Society, of course, he saw little. There was some slight apprehension that, if he were bidden to social entertainments, he might forget his coat, or arrive without some other essential part of his dress ; and there is a sly tradition in the Titbottom family that once, having been invited to a ball in honor of a new governor of the island, my grandfather Titbottom sauntered into the hall towards midnight wrapped in the gorgeous flowers of his dressing-gown, and with his hands buried in the pockets, as usual. There was great excitement among the guests, and immense deprecation of gubernatorial ire. Fortunately, it happened that the governor and my grandfather were old friends, and there was no offence. But as they were conversing together, one of the distressed managers cast indignant glances at the brilliant costume of my grandfather, who summoned him, and asked courteously :—

“‘Did you invite me, or my coat?’

“‘You in a proper coat,’ replied the manager.

“The governor smiled approvingly, and looked at my grandfather.

“‘My friend,’ said he to the manager, ‘I beg your pardon, I forgot.’

“The next day, my grandfather was seen promenading in full ball dress along the streets of the little town.

“‘They ought to know,’ said he, ‘that I have a proper coat, and that not contempt, nor poverty, but forgetfulness, sent me to a ball in my dressing-gown,’

“He did not much frequent social festivals after this failure, but he always told the story with satisfaction and a quiet smile.

“To a stranger, life upon those little islands is uniform even to weariness. But the old native dons, like my grandfather, ripen in the prolonged sunshine, like the turtle upon the Bahama banks, nor know of existence more desirable. Life in the tropics I take to be a placid torpidity.

“During the long, warm mornings of nearly half a century, my grandfather Titbottom had sat in his dressing-gown, and gazed at the sea. But one calm June day, as he slowly paced the piazza after breakfast, his dreamy glance was arrested by a little vessel, evidently nearing the shore. He called for his spyglass, and, surveying the craft, saw that she came from the neighboring island. She glided smoothly, slowly, over the summer sea. The warm morning air was sweet with perfumes, and silent with heat. The sea sparkled languidly, and the brilliant blue sky hung cloudlessly over. Scores of little island vessels had my grandfather seen coming over the horizon, and cast anchor in the port. Hundreds of summer mornings had the white sails flashed and faded, like vague faces through forgotten dreams. But this time he laid down the spyglass, and leaned against a column of the piazza, and watched the vessel with an intentness that he could not explain. She came nearer and nearer, a graceful spectre in the dazzling morning.

“‘Decidedly, I must step down and see about that vessel,’ said my grandfather Titbottom.

“He gathered his ample dressing-gown about him, and stepped from the piazza, with no other protection from the sun than the little smoking-cap upon his head. His face wore a calm, beaming smile, as if he loved the whole world. He was not an old man; but there was almost a patriarchal pathos in his expression, as he sauntered along in the sunshine towards the shore. A group of idle gazers was collected, to watch the arrival. The little vessel furled her sails, and drifted slowly landward, and, as she was of very light draft, she came close to the shelving shore. A long plank was put out from her side, and the debarkation commenced.

“My grandfather Titbottom stood looking on, to see the passengers as they passed. There were but a few of them, and mostly traders from the neighboring island. But suddenly the face of a young girl appeared over the side of the vessel, and she stepped upon the plank to descend. My grandfather Titbottom instantly advanced, and, moving briskly, reached the top of the plank at the same moment, and with the old tassel of his cap flashing in the sun, and one hand in the pocket of his dressing-gown, with the other he handed the young lady carefully down the plank. That young lady was afterward my grandmother Titbottom.

“For, over the gleaming sea which he had watched so long, and which seemed thus to reward his patient gaze, came his bride that sunny morning.

“‘Of course, we are happy,’ he used to say to her, after they were married: ‘for you are the gift of the sun

I have loved so long and so well.' And my grandfather Titbottom would lay his hand so tenderly upon the golden hair of his young bride, that you could fancy him a devout Parsee, caressing sunbeams.

"There were endless festivities upon occasion of the marriage; and my grandfather did not go to one of them in his dressing-gown. The gentle sweetness of his wife melted every heart into love and sympathy. He was much older than she, without doubt. But age, as he used to say with a smile of immortal youth, is a matter of feeling, not of years.

"And if, sometimes, as she sat by his side on the piazza, her fancy looked through her eyes upon that summer sea, and saw a younger lover, perhaps some one of those graceful and glowing heroes who occupy the foreground of all young maidens' visions by the sea, yet she could not find one more generous and gracious, nor fancy one more worthy and loving, than my grandfather Titbottom.

"And if, in the moonlit midnight while he lay calmly sleeping, she leaned out of the window, and sank into vague reveries of sweet possibility, and watched the gleaming path of the moonlight upon the water, until the dawn glided over it—it was only that mood of nameless regret and longing which underlies all human happiness; or it was the vision of that life of cities and the world, which she had never seen, but of which she had often read, and which looked very fair and alluring across the sea, to a girlish imagination, which knew that it should never see that reality.

"These West Indian years were the great days of the

family," said Titbottom, with an air of majestic and regal regret, pausing, and musing, in our little parlor, like a late Stuart in exile, remembering England.

Prue raised her eyes from her work, and looked at him with subdued admiration; for I have observed that, like the rest of her sex, she has a singular sympathy with the representative of a reduced family.

Perhaps it is their finer perception which leads these tender-hearted women to recognize the divine right of social superiority so much more readily than we; and yet, much as Titbottom was enhanced in my wife's admiration of the discovery that his dusky sadness of nature and expression was, as it were, the expiring gleam and late twilight of ancestral splendors, I doubt if Mr. Bourne would have preferred him for book-keeper a moment sooner upon that account. In truth, I have observed, down town, that the fact of your ancestors doing nothing is not considered good proof that you can do anything.

But Prue and her sex regard sentiment more than action, and I understand easily enough why she is never tired of hearing me read of Prince Charlie. If Titbottom had been only a little younger, a little handsomer, a little more gallantly dressed—in fact, a little more of a Prince Charlie, I am sure her eyes would not have fallen again upon her work so tranquilly, as he resumed his story.

"I can remember my grandfather Titbottom, although I was a very young child, and he was a very old man. My young mother and my young grandmother are very distinct figures in my memory, ministering to the old gentleman, wrapped in his dressing-gown, and seated

upon the piazza. I remember his white hair, and his calm smile, and how, not long before he died, he called me to him, and laying his hand upon my head, said to me:—

“My child, the world is not this great sunny piazza, nor life the fairy stories which the women tell you here, as you sit in their laps. I shall soon be gone, but I want to leave with you some memento of my love for you, and I know of nothing more valuable than these spectacles, which your grandmother brought from her native island, when she arrived here one fine summer morning, long ago. I cannot tell whether, when you grow older, you will regard them as a gift of the greatest value, or as something you had been happier never to have possessed.’

“‘But, grandpapa, I am not short-sighted.’

“‘My son, are you not human?’ said the old gentleman; and how shall I ever forget the thoughtful sadness with which, at the same time, he handed me the spectacles.

“Instinctively I put them on, and looked at my grandfather. But I saw no grandfather, no piazza, no flowered dressing-gown; I saw only a luxuriant palm tree, waving broadly over a tranquil landscape; pleasant homes clustered around it; gardens teeming with fruit and flowers; flocks quietly feeding; birds wheeling and chirping. I heard children’s voices, and the low lullaby of happy mothers. The sound of cheerful singing came wafted from distant fields upon the light breeze. Golden harvests glistened out of sight, and I caught their rustling whispers of prosperity. A warm, mellow atmosphere bathed the whole.

"I have seen copies of the landscapes of the Italian painter Claude, which seemed to me faint reminiscences of that calm and happy vision. But all this peace and prosperity seemed to flow from the spreading palm as from a fountain.

"I do not know how long I looked, but I had, apparently, no power, as I had no will, to remove the spectacles. What a wonderful island must Nevis be, thought I, if people carry such pictures in their pockets, only by buying a pair of spectacles! What wonder that my dear grandmother Titbottom has lived such a placid life, and has blessed us all with her sunny temper, when she has lived surrounded by such images of peace!

"My grandfather died. But still, in the warm morning sunshine upon the piazza, I felt his placid presence, and as I crawled into his great chair, and drifted on in reverie through the still tropical day, it was as if his soft dreamy eye had passed into my soul. My grandmother cherished his memory with tender regret. A violent passion of grief for his loss was no more possible than for the pensive decay of the year.

"We have no portrait of him, but I see always, when I remember him, that peaceful and luxuriant palm. And I think that to have known one good old man—one man who, through the chances and rubs of a long life, has carried his heart in his hand, like a palm branch, waving all discords into peace, helps our faith in God, in ourselves, and in each other, more than many sermons. I hardly know whether to be grateful to my grandfather for the spectacles; and yet when I remember that it is to them I owe the pleasant image of him which I cherish, I seem to myself sadly ungrateful.

“Madame,” said Titbottom to Prue, solemnly, “my memory is a long and gloomy gallery, and only remotely, at its further end, do I see the glimmer of soft sunshine, and only there are the pleasant pictures hung. They seem to me very happy along whose gallery the sunlight streams to their very feet, striking all the pictured walls into unfading splendor.”

Prue had laid her work in her lap, and as Titbottom paused a moment, and I turned towards her, I found her mild eyes fastened upon my face, and glistening with many tears. I knew that the tears meant that she felt herself to be one of those who seemed to Titbottom very happy.

“Misfortunes of many kinds came heavily upon the family after the head was gone. The great house was relinquished. My parents were both dead, and my grandmother had entire charge of me. But from the moment that I received the gift of the spectacles, I could not resist their fascination, and I withdrew into myself, and became a solitary boy. There were not many companions for me of my own age, and they gradually left me, or, at least, had not a hearty sympathy with me; for, if they teased me, I pulled out my spectacles and surveyed them so seriously that they acquired a kind of awe of me and evidently regarded my grandfather's gift as a concealed magical weapon which might be dangerously drawn upon them at any moment. Whenever, in our games, there were quarrels and high words, and I began to feel about my dress and to wear a grave look, they all took the alarm, and shouted, ‘Look out for Titbottom's spectacles,’ and scattered like a flock of scared sheep.

“Nor could I wonder at it. For, at first, before they took the alarm, I saw strange sights when I looked at them through the glasses.

“If two were quarreling about a marble or a ball, I had only to go behind a tree where I was concealed and look at them leisurely. Then the scene changed, and it was no longer a green meadow with boys playing, but a spot which I did not recognize, and forms that made me shudder, or smile. It was not a big boy bullying a little one, but a young wolf with glistening teeth and a lamb cowering before him; or it was a dog faithful and famishing—or a star going slowly into eclipse—or a rainbow fading—or a flower blooming—or a sun rising—or a waning moon.

“The revelations of the spectacles determined my feeling for the boys, and for all whom I saw through them. No shyness, nor awkwardness, nor silence, could separate me from those who looked lovely as lilies to my illuminated eyes. But the vision made me afraid. If I felt myself warmly drawn to any one, I struggled with the fierce desire of seeing him through the spectacles, for I feared to find him something else than I fancied. I longed to enjoy the luxury of ignorant feeling, to love without knowing, to float like a leaf upon the eddies of life, drifted now to a sunny point, now to a solemn shade—now over glittering ripples, now over gleaming calms,—and not to determined ports, a trim vessel with an inexorable rudder.

“But sometimes, mastered after long struggles, as if the unavoidable condition of owning the spectacles were using them, I seized them and sauntered into the little

town. Putting them to my eyes I peered into the houses and at the people who passed me. Here sat a family at breakfast, and I stood at the window looking in. O motley meal! fantastic vision! The good mother saw her lord sitting opposite, a grave, respectable being, eating muffins. But I saw only a bank-bill, more or less crumbled and tattered, marked with a larger or lesser figure. If a sharp wind blew suddenly, I saw it tremble and flutter; it was thin, flat, impalpable. I removed my glasses, and looked with my eyes at the wife. I could have smiled to see the humid tenderness with which she regarded her strange *vis-a-vis*. Is life only a game of blindman's buff? of droll cross-purposes?

"Or, I put them on again, and then looked at the wives. How many stout trees I saw,—how many tender flowers,—how many placid pools; yes, and how many little streams winding out of sight, shrinking before the large, hard, round eyes opposite, and slipping off into solitude and shade, with a low, inner song for their own solace.

"In many houses I thought to see angels, nymphs, or, at least, women, and could only find broomsticks, mops, or kettles, hurrying about, rattling and tinkling, in a state of shrill activity. I made calls upon elegant ladies, and after I had enjoyed the gloss of silk, and the delicacy of lace, and the glitter of jewels, I slipped on my spectacles, and saw a peacock's feather, flounced and furbelowed, and fluttering; or an iron rod, thin, sharp, and hard; nor could I possibly mistake the movement of the drapery for any flexibility of the thing draped.

"Or, mysteriously chilled, I saw a statue of perfect

form, or flowing movement, it might be alabaster, or bronze, or marble,—but sadly often it was ice; and I knew that after it had shone a little, and frozen a few eyes with its despairing perfection, it could not be put away in the niches of palaces for ornament and proud family tradition, like the alabaster, or bronze, or marble statues, but would melt, and shrink, and fall coldly away in colorless and useless water, be absorbed in the earth and utterly forgotten.

“But the true sadness was rather in seeing those who, not having the spectacles, thought that the iron rod was flexible, and the ice statue warm. I saw many a gallant heart, which seemed to me brave and loyal as the crusaders, pursuing, through days and nights, and a long life of devotion, the hope of lighting at least a smile in the cold eyes, if not a fire in the icy heart. I watched the earnest, enthusiastic sacrifice. I saw the pure resolve, the generous faith, the fine scorn of doubt, the impatience of suspicion. I watched the grace, the ardor, the glory of devotion. Through those strange spectacles how often I saw the noblest heart renouncing all other hope, all other ambition, all other life, than the possible love of some one of those statues.

“Ah! me, it was terrible, but they had not the love to give. The face was so polished and smooth, because there was no sorrow in the heart,—and drearily, often, no heart to be touched. I could not wonder that the noble heart of devotion was broken, for it had dashed itself against a stone. I wept, until my spectacles were dimmed, for those hopeless lovers; but there was a pang beyond tears for those icy statues.

"Still a boy, I was thus too much a man in knowledge,—I did not comprehend the sights I was compelled to see. I used to tear my glasses away from my eyes, and, frightened at myself, run to escape my own consciousness. Reaching the small house where we then lived, I plunged into my grandmother's room, and, throwing myself upon the floor, buried my face in her lap; and sobbed myself to sleep with premature grief.

"But when I awakened, and felt her cool hand upon my hot forehead, and heard the low sweet song, or the gentle story, or the tenderly told parable from the Bible, with which she tried to soothe me, I could not resist the mystic fascination that lured me, as I lay in her lap, to steal a glance at her through the spectacles.

"Pictures of the Madonna have not her rare and pensive beauty. Upon the tranquil little islands her life had been eventless, and all the fine possibilities of her nature were like flowers that never bloomed. Placid were all her years; yet I have read of no heroine, of no woman great in sudden crises, that it did not seem to me she might have been. The wife and widow of a man who loved his home better than the homes of others, I have yet heard of no queen, no belle, no imperial beauty, whom in grace, and brilliancy, and persuasive courtesy she might not have surpassed.

"Madame," said Titbottom to my wife, whose heart hung upon his story, "your husband's young friend, Aurelia, wears sometimes a camellia in her hair, and no diamond in the ball-room seems so costly as that perfect flower, which women envy, and for whose least and withered petal men sigh; yet, in the tropical solitudes of

Brazil, how many a camellia bud drops from the bush that no eye has ever seen, which, had it flowered and been noticed, would have gilded all hearts with its memory.

“When I stole these furtive glances at my grandmother, half fearing that they were wrong, I saw only a calm lake, whose shores were low, and over which the sun hung unbroken, so that the least star was clearly reflected. It had an atmosphere of solemn twilight tranquillity, and so completely did its unruffled surface blend with the cloudless, star-studded sky, that, when I looked through my spectacles at my grandmother, the vision seemed to me all heaven and stars.

“Yet, as I gazed and gazed, I felt what stately cities might well have been built upon those shores, and have flashed prosperity over the calm, like coruscations of pearls. I dreamed of gorgeous fleets, silken-sailed, and blown by perfumed winds, drifting over those depthless waters and through those spacious skies. I gazed upon the twilight, the inscrutable silence, like a God-fearing discoverer upon a new and vast sea bursting upon him through forest glooms, and in the fervor of whose impassioned gaze a millennial and poetic world arises, and man need no longer die to be happy.

“My companions naturally deserted me, for I had grown wearily grave and abstracted: and, unable to resist the allurements of my spectacles, I was constantly lost in the world, of which those companions were part, yet of which they knew nothing.

“I grew cold and hard, almost morose; people seemed to me so blind and unreasonable. They did the wrong

thing. They called green, yellow; and black, white. Young men said of a girl, 'What a lovely, simple creature!' I looked, and there was only a glistening wisp of straw, dry and hollow. Or they said, 'What a cold, proud beauty!' I looked, and lo! a Madonna, whose heart held the world. Or they said, 'What a wild, giddy girl!' and I saw a glancing, dancing mountain stream, pure as the virgin snows whence it flowed, singing through sun and shade, over pearls and gold dust, slipping along unstained by weed or rain, or heavy foot of cattle, touching the flowers with a dewy kiss,—a beam of grace, a happy song, a line of light, in the dim and troubled landscape.

"My grandmother sent me to school, but I looked at the master, and saw that he was a smooth round ferule, or an improper noun, or a vulgar fraction, and refused to obey him. Or he was a piece of string, a rag, a willow-wand, and I had a contemptuous pity. But one was a well of cool, deep water, and looking suddenly in, one day, I saw the stars.

"That one gave me all my schooling. With him I used to walk by the sea, and, as we strolled and the waves plunged in long legions before us, I looked at him through the spectacles, and as his eyes dilated with the boundless view, and his chest heaved with an impossible desire, I saw Xerxes and his army, tossed and glittering, rank upon rank, multitude upon multitude, out of sight, but ever regularly advancing, and, with confused roar of ceaseless music, prostrating themselves in abject homage. Or, as with arms outstretched and hair streaming on the wind, he chanted full lines of the resounding Iliad, I

saw Homer pacing the Egean sands of the Greek sunsets of forgotten times.

"My grandmother died, and I was thrown into the world without resources, and with no capital but my spectacles. I tried to find employment, but everybody was shy of me. There was a vague suspicion that I was either a little crazed, or a good deal in league with the prince of darkness. My companions, who would persist in calling a piece of painted muslin a fair and fragrant flower, had no difficulty; success waited for them around every corner, and arrived in every ship.

"I tried to teach, for I loved children. But if anything excited a suspicion of my pupils, and putting on my spectacles, I saw that I was fondling a snake, or smelling at a bud with a worm in it, I sprang up in horror and ran away; or, if it seemed to me through the glasses, that a cherub smiled upon me, or a rose was blooming in my button-hole, then I felt myself imperfect and impure, not fit to be leading and training what was so essentially superior to myself, and I kissed the children and left them weeping and wondering.

"In despair I went to a great merchant on the island, and asked him to employ me.

"'My dear young friend,' he said, 'I understand that you have some singular secret, some charm, or spell, or amulet, or something, I don't know what, of which people are afraid. Now you know, my dear,' said the merchant, swelling up, and apparently prouder of his great stomach than of his large fortune, 'I am not of that kind. I am not easily frightened. You may spare yourself the pain of trying to impose upon me. People

who propose to come to time before I arrive, are accustomed to arise very early in the morning,' said he, thrusting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and spreading the fingers like two fans, upon his bosom. 'I think I have heard something of your secret. You have a pair of spectacles, I believe, that you value very much, because your grandmother brought them as a marriage portion to your grandfather. Now, if you think fit to sell me those spectacles, I will pay you the largest market price for them. What do you say?'

"I told him I had not the slightest idea of selling my spectacles.

"'My young friend means to eat them, I suppose,' said he, with a contemptuous smile.

"I made no reply, but was turning to leave the office, when the merchant called after me:—

"'My young friend, poor people should never suffer themselves to get into pets. Anger is an expensive luxury, in which only men of a certain income can indulge. A pair of spectacles and a hot temper are not the most promising capital for success in life, Master Titbottom.'

"I said nothing, but put my hand upon the door to go out, when the merchant said, more respectfully,—

"'Well, you foolish boy, if you will not sell your spectacles, perhaps you will agree to sell the use of them to me. That is, you shall only put them on when I direct you, and for my purposes. Hallo! you little fool!' cried he, impatiently, as he saw that I intended to make no reply.

"But I had pulled out my spectacles and put them on for my own purposes, and against his wish and desire. I looked at him, and saw a huge, bald-headed wild boar, with gross chaps and a leering eye—only the more ridiculous for the high-arched, gold-bowed spectacles that straddled his nose. One of his fore-hoofs was thrust into the safe, where his bills receivable were hived, and the other into his pocket, among the loose change and bills there. His ears were pricked forward with a brisk, sensitive smartness. In a world where prize pork was the best excellence, he would have carried off all the premiums.

"I stepped into the next office in the street, and a mild-faced, genial man, also a large and opulent merchant, asked me my business in such a tone that I instantly looked through my spectacles, and saw a land flowing with milk and honey. There I pitched my tent, and staid till the good man died, and his business was discontinued.

"But while there," said Titbottom, and his voice trembled away into a sigh, "I first saw Preciosa. Despite the spectacles, I saw Preciosa. For days, for weeks, for months, I did not take my spectacles with me. I ran away from them, I threw them up on high shelves, I tried to make up my mind to throw them into the sea, or down the well. I could not, I would not, I dare not, look at Preciosa through the spectacles. It was not possible for me deliberately to destroy them; but I awoke in the night, and could almost have cursed my dear old grandfather for his gift.

"I sometimes escaped from the office, and sat for whole

days with Preciosa. I told her the strange things I had seen with my mystic glasses. The hours were not enough for the wild romances which I raved in her ear. She listened, astonished and appalled. Her blue eyes turned upon me with sweet deprecation. She clung to me, and then withdrew, and fled fearfully from the room.

"But she could not stay away. She could not resist my voice, in whose tones burnt all the love that filled my heart and brain. The very effort to resist the desire of seeing her as I saw everybody else, gave a frenzy and an unnatural tension to my feeling and my manner. I sat by her side, looking into her eyes, smoothing her hair, folding her to my heart, which was sunken deep and deep—why not forever?—in that dream of peace. I ran from her presence, and shouted, and leaped with joy, and sat the whole night through, thrilled into happiness by the thought of her love and loveliness, like a wind-harp, tightly strung, and answering the airiest sigh of the breeze with music.

"Then came calmer days—the conviction of deep love settled upon our lives—as after the hurrying, heaving days of spring comes the bland and benignant summer.

"‘It is no dream, then, after all, and we are happy,’ I said to her, one day; and there came no answer, for happiness is speechless.

"‘We are happy then,’ I said to myself, ‘there is no excitement now. How glad I am that I can now look at her through my spectacles.’

"I feared lest some instinct should warn me to beware. I escaped from her arms, and ran home and seized the glasses, and bounded back again to Preciosa. As I entered

the room I was heated, my head was swimming with confused apprehensions, my eyes must have glared. Preciosa was frightened, and rising from her seat, stood with an inquiring glance of surprise in her eyes.

“But I was bent with frenzy upon my purpose. I was merely aware that she was in the room. I saw nothing else. I heard nothing. I cared for nothing, but to see her through that magic glass, and feel at once all the fullness of blissful perfection which that would reveal. Preciosa stood before the mirror, but alarmed at my wild and eager movements, unable to distinguish what I had in my hands, and seeing me raise them suddenly to my face, she shrieked with terror, and fell fainting upon the floor, at the very moment that I placed the glasses before my eyes, and beheld—*myself*, reflected in the mirror, before which she had been standing.

“Dear madam,” cried Titbottom, to my wife, springing up and falling back again in his chair, pale and trembling, while Prue ran to him and took his hand, and I poured out a glass of water—“I saw myself.”

There was silence for many minutes. Prue laid her hand gently upon the head of our guest, whose eyes were closed, and who breathed softly like an infant in sleeping. Perhaps, in all the long years of anguish since that hour, no tender hand had touched his brow, nor wiped away the damps of a bitter sorrow. Perhaps the tender, maternal fingers of my wife soothed his weary head with the conviction that he felt the hand of his mother playing with the long hair of her boy in the soft West India morning. Perhaps it was only the natural relief of expressing a pent-up sorrow.

When he spoke again, it was with the old subdued tone, and the air of quaint solemnity.

"These things were matters of long, long ago, and I came to this country soon after. I brought with me premature age, a past of melancholy memories, and the magic spectacles. I had become their slave. I had nothing more to fear. Having seen myself, I was compelled to see others, properly to understand my relations to them. The lights that cheer the future of other men had gone out for me; my eyes were those of an exile turned backwards upon the receding shore, and not forwards with hope upon the ocean.

"I mingled with men, but with little pleasure. There are but many varieties of a few types. I did not find those I came to clearer-sighted than those I had left behind. I heard men called shrewd and wise, and report said they were highly intelligent and successful. My finest sense detected no aroma of purity and principle; but I saw only a fungus that had fattened and spread in a night. They went to the theatres to see actors upon the stage. I went to see actors in the boxes, so consummately cunning that others did not know they were acting, and they did not suspect it themselves.

"Perhaps you wonder it did not make me misanthropical. My dear friends, do not forget that I had seen myself. That made me compassionate, not cynical.

"Of course, I could not value highly the ordinary standards of success and excellence. When I went to church and saw a thin, blue, artificial flower, or a great sleepy cushion, expounding the beauty of holiness to pews full of eagles, half-eagles, and three-pences, however

adroitly concealed they might be in broadcloth and boots, or saw an onion in an Easter bonnet weeping over the sins of Magdalen, I did not feel as they felt who saw in all this, not only propriety, but piety.

“Or when at public meetings an eel stood up on end, and wriggled and squirmed lithely in every direction, and declared that, for his part, he went in for rainbows and hot water—how could I help seeing that he was still black and loved a slimy pool?

“I could not grow misanthropical when I saw in the eyes of so many who were called old, the gushing fountains of eternal youth, and the light of an immortal dawn, or when I saw those who were esteemed unsuccessful and aimless, ruling a fair realm of peace and plenty, either in their own hearts, or in another’s—a realm and princely possession for which they had well renounced a hopeless search and a belated triumph.

“I knew one man who had been for years a byword for having sought the philosopher’s stone. But I looked at him through the spectacles and saw a satisfaction in concentrated energies and a tenacity arising from devotion to a noble dream, which was not apparent in the youths who pitied him in the aimless effeminacy of clubs, nor in the clever gentlemen who cracked their thin jokes upon him over a gossiping dinner.

“And there was your neighbor over the way, who passes for a woman who has failed in her career, because she is an old maid. People wag solemn heads of pity, and say that she made so great a mistake in not marrying the brilliant and famous man who was for long years her suitor. It is clear that no orange flower will ever

bloom for her. The young people make their tender romances about her as they watch her, and think of her solitary hours of bitter regret and wasting, longing, never to be satisfied.

“When I first came to town I shared this sympathy, and pleased my imagination with fancying her hard struggle with the conviction that she had lost all that made life beautiful. I supposed that if I had looked at her through my spectacles, I should see that it was only her radiant temper which so illuminated her dress, that we did not see it to be heavy sables.

“But when, one day, I did raise my glasses, and glanced at her, I did not see the old maid whom we all pitied for a secret sorrow, but a woman whose nature was a tropic, in which the sun shone, and birds sang, and flowers bloomed forever. There were no regrets, no doubts and half wishes, but a calm sweetness, a transparent peace. I saw her blush when that old lover passed by, or paused to speak to her, but it was only the sign of delicate feminine consciousness. She knew his love, and honored it, although she could not understand it nor return it. I looked closely at her, and I saw that although all the world had exclaimed at her indifference to such homage, and had declared it was astonishing she should lose so fine a match, she would only say simply and quietly:—

“‘If Shakespeare loved me and I did not love him, how could I marry him?’

“Could I be misanthropical when I saw such fidelity, and dignity, and simplicity?

“You may believe that I was especially curious to look at that old lover of hers, through my glasses. He was no longer young, you know, when I came, and his fame and fortune were secure. Certainly I have heard of few men more beloved, and of none more worthy to be loved. He had the easy manner of a man of the world, the sensitive grace of a poet, and the charitable judgment of a wide traveller. He was accounted the most successful and most unspoiled of men. Handsome, brilliant, wise, tender, graceful, accomplished, rich, and famous, I looked at him, without the spectacles, in surprise and admiration, and wondered how your neighbor over the way had been so entirely untouched by his homage. I watched their intercourse in society, I saw her gay smile, her cordial greeting; I marked his frank address, his lofty courtesy. Their manner told no tales. The eager world was balked, and I pulled out my spectacles.

“I had seen her already, and now I saw him. He lived only in memory, and his memory was a spacious and stately palace. But he did not oftenest frequent the banqueting hall, where were endless hospitality and feasting,—nor did he loiter much in the reception rooms, where a throng of new visitors was forever swarming,—nor did he feed his vanity by haunting the apartment in which were stored the trophies of his varied triumphs,—nor dream much in the great gallery hung with pictures of his travels.

“From all these lofty halls of memory he constantly escaped to a remote and solitary chamber, into which no one had ever penetrated. But my fatal eyes, behind the

glasses, followed and entered with him, and saw that the chamber was a chapel. It was dim, and silent, and sweet with perpetual incense, that burned upon an altar before a picture forever veiled. There, whenever I chanced to look, I saw him kneel and pray; and there, by day and by night, a funeral hymn was chanted.

"I do not believe you will be surprised that I have been content to remain a deputy book-keeper. My spectacles regulated my ambition, and I early learned that there were better gods than Plutus. The glasses have lost much of their fascination now, and I do not often use them. But sometimes the desire is irresistible. Whenever I am greatly interested, I am compelled to take them out and see what it is that I admire.

"And yet—and yet," said Titbottom, after a pause, "I am not sure that I thank my grandfather."

Prue had long since laid away her work, and had heard every word of the story. I saw that the dear woman had yet one question to ask, and had been earnestly hoping to hear something that would spare her the necessity of asking. But Titbottom had resumed his usual tone, after the momentary excitement, and made no further allusion to himself. We all sat silently; Titbottom's eyes fastened musingly upon the carpet, Prue looking wistfully at him, and I regarding both.

It was past midnight, and our guest arose to go. He shook hands quietly, made his grave Spanish bow to Prue, and taking his hat, went toward the front door. Prue and I accompanied him. I saw in her eyes that she would ask her question. And as Titbottom opened the door, I heard the low words:—

“And Preciosa?”

Titbottom paused. He had just opened the door, and the moonlight streamed over him as he stood, turning back to us.

“I have seen her but once since. It was in church, and she was kneeling, with her eyes closed, so that she did not see me. But I rubbed the glasses well, and looked at her, and saw a white lily, whose stem was broken, but which was fresh, and luminous, and fragrant still.”

“That was a miracle,” interrupted Prue.

“Madam, it was a miracle,” replied Titbottom, “and for that one sight I am devoutly grateful for my grandfather’s gift. I saw that, although a flower may have lost its hold upon earthly moisture, it may still bloom as sweetly, fed by the dews of heaven.”

The door closed, and he was gone. But as Prue put her arm in mine, and we went upstairs together, she whispered in my ear:—

“How glad I am that you don’t wear spectacles.”

—George William Curtis.

STRAWBERRIES.

Was it old Dr. Parr who said or sighed in his last illness, “Oh, if I can only live till strawberries come!” The old scholar imagined that if he could weather it till then, the berries would carry him through. No doubt he has turned from the drugs and the nostrums, or from the hateful food, to the memory of the pungent, pene-

trating, and unspeakably fresh quality of the strawberry with the deepest longing. The very thought of these crimson lobes, embodying as it were the first glow and ardour of the young summer, and with their power to unsheathe the taste and spur the flagging appetite, made life seem possible and desirable with him.

The strawberry is always the hope of the invalid, and sometimes no doubt his salvation. It is the first and finest relish among fruits, and well merits Dr. Boteler's memorable saying, that "doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but, doubtless, God never did."

On the threshold of summer, Nature proffers us this, her virgin fruit; more rich and sumptuous are to follow, but the wild delicacy and fillip of the strawberry are never repeated,—that keen, feathered edge greets the tongue in nothing else.

Let me not be afraid of overpraising it, but probe and probe for words to hint its surprising virtues. We may well celebrate it with festivals and music. It has that indescribable quality of all first things—that shy, uncloying, provoking barbed sweetness. It is eager and sanguine as youth. It is born of the copious dews, the fragrant nights, the tender skies, the plentiful rains of the early season. The singing of birds is in it, and the health and frolic of lusty nature. It is the product of liquid May touched by the June sun. It has the tartness, the briskness, the unruliness of spring, and the aroma and intensity of summer.

O the strawberry days! how vividly they come back to one! The smell of clover in the fields, of blooming

rye on the hills, of the wild grape beside the woods, and of the sweet honeysuckle and spiræa about the house. The first hot, moist days. The daisies and buttercups, the songs of the birds, their first reckless jollity and love-making over, the full tender foliage of the trees, the bees swarming, and the air strung with resonant musical chords. The time of the sweetest and most succulent grass, when the cows come home with aching udders. Indeed, the strawberry belongs to the juiciest time of the year.

What a challenge it is to the taste, how it bites back again! and is there any other sound like the snap and crackle with which it salutes the ear on being plucked from the stems? It is a threat to one sense that the other is soon to verify. It snaps to the ear as it smacks to the tongue. All other berries are tame beside it.

The plant is almost an evergreen; it loves the coverlid of the snow, and will keep fresh through the severest winters with a slight protection. The frost leaves its virtues in it. The berry is a kind of vegetable snow. How cool, how tonic, how melting, and how perishable! It is almost as easy to keep frost. Heat kills it, and sugar quickly breaks up its cells.

Is there anything like the odour of strawberries? The next best thing to tasting them is to smell them; one may put his nose to the dish while the fruit is yet too rare and choice for his fingers. Touch not and taste not, but take a good smell and go mad. Last fall I potted some of the Downer, and in the winter grew them in the house. In March the berries were ripe, only four or five on a plant, just enough, all told, to make one con-

sider whether it was not worth while to kill off the rest of the household, so that the berries need not be divided. But if every tongue could not have a feast, every nose banqueted daily upon them. They filled the house with perfume. The Downer is remarkable in this respect. Grown in the open field, it surpasses in its odour any strawberry of my acquaintance. And it is scarcely less agreeable to the taste. It is a very beautiful berry to look upon, round, light pink, with a delicate, fine-grained expression. Some berries shine, the Downer glows as if there were a red bloom upon it. Its core is firm and white, its skin thin and easily bruised, which makes it a poor market berry, but with its high flavour and productiveness, an admirable one for home use. It seems to be as easily grown as the Wilson, while it is much more palatable. The great trouble with the Wilson, as everybody knows, is its rank acidity. When it first comes, it is difficult to eat it without making faces. It is crabbed and acrimonious. Like some persons, the Wilson will not ripen and sweeten till its old age. Its largest and finest crop, if allowed to remain on the vines, will soften and fail unregenerated, or with all its sins upon it. But wait till toward the end of the season, after the plant gets over its hurry and takes time to ripen its fruit. The berry will then face the sun for days, and if the weather is not too wet, instead of softening, will turn dark and grow rich. Out of its crabbedness and spitefulness come the finest, choicest flavours. It is an astonishing berry. It lays hold of the taste in a way that the aristocratic berries, like the Jecunda or Triumph, cannot approximate to. Its quality

is as penetrating as that of ants and wasps, but sweet. It is indeed a wild bee turned into a berry, with the sting mollified and the honey disguised. A quart of these rare-ripes I venture to say contains more of the peculiar virtue and excellence of the strawberry kind than can be had in twice the same quantity of any other cultivated variety. Take these berries in a bowl of rich milk with some bread,—ah, what a dish,—too good to set before a king! I suspect this was the food of Adam in Paradise, only Adam did not have the Wilson strawberry; he had the wild strawberry that Eve plucked in their hill-meadow and “hulled” with her own hands, and that, take it all in all, even surpasses the late ripened Wilson.

Adam is still extant in the taste and appetite of most country boys; lives there a country boy who does not like wild-strawberries-and-milk,—yea, prefers it to any other known dish? I am not thinking of a dessert of strawberries-and-cream; this the city boy may have too, after a sort, but bread-and-milk, with the addition of wild strawberries, is peculiarly a country dish, and is to the taste what a wild bird’s song is to the ear. When I was a lad, and went afield with my hoe or with the cows, during the strawberry season, I was sure to return at meal-time with a lining of berries in the top of my straw hat. They were my daily food, and I could taste the liquid and gurgling notes of the bobolink in every spoonful of them; and at this day, to make a dinner or supper off a bowl of milk with bread and strawberries,—plenty of strawberries,—well, is as near to being a boy again as I ever expect to come. The golden age

draws sensibly near. Appetite becomes a kind of delicious thirst,—a gentle and subtle craving of all parts of the mouth and throat,—and those nerves of taste that occupy, as it were, a back seat, and take little cognisance of grosser foods, come forth, and are played upon and set vibrating. Indeed, I think, if there is ever rejoicing throughout one's alimentary household,—if ever that much-abused servant, the stomach, says Amen, or those faithful handmaidens, the liver and spleen, nudge each other delightedly, it must be when one on a torrid summer day passes by the solid and carnal dinner for this simple Arcadian dish.

The wild strawberry, like the wild apple, is spicy and high-flavoured, but, unlike the apple, it is also mild and delicious. It has the true rustic sweetness and piquancy. What it lacks in size, when compared with the garden berry, it makes up in intensity. It is never dropsical or overgrown, but firm-fleshed and hardy. Its great enemies are the plough, gypsum, and the horse-rake. It dislikes a limestone soil, but seems to prefer the detritus of the stratified rock. Where the sugar-maple abounds, I have always found plenty of wild strawberries. We have two kinds,—the wood berry and the field berry. The former is as wild as a partridge. It is found in open places in the woods and along the borders, growing beside stumps and rocks, never in abundance, but very sparsely. It is small, cone-shaped, dark red, shiny, and pimply. It looks woody, and tastes so. It has never reached the table, nor made the acquaintance of cream. A quart of them, at a fair price for human labour, would be worth their weight in silver, at least. (Yet a careful

observer writes me that in certain sections in the western part of New York they are very plentiful.)

Ovid mentions the wood strawberry, which would lead one to infer that they were more abundant in his time and country than in ours.

This is, perhaps, the same as the Alpine strawberry, which is said to grow in the mountains of Greece, and thence northward. This was probably the first variety cultivated, though our native species would seem as unpromising a subject for the garden as club-moss or winter-greens.

Of the field strawberry there are a great many varieties,—some growing in meadows, some in pastures, and some upon mountain-tops; some are round, and stick close to the calyx or hull; some are long and pointed, with long, tapering necks. These usually grow upon tall stems. They are, indeed, of the slim, linear kind. Your corpulent berry keeps close to the ground; its stem and foot-stalk are short, and neck it has none. Its colour is deeper than that of its tall brother, and of course it has more juice. You are more apt to find the tall varieties upon knolls in low, wet meadows, and again upon mountain-tops, growing in tussocks of wild grass about the open summits. These latter ripen in July, and give one his last taste of strawberries for the season.

But the favourite haunt of the wild strawberry is an up-lying meadow that has been exempt from the plough for five or six years, and that has little timothy and much daisy. When you go a-berrying turn your steps toward the milk-white meadows. The slightly bitter odour of the daisies is very agreeable to the smell, and

affords a good background for the perfume of the fruit. The strawberry cannot cope with the rank and deep-rooted clover, and seldom appears in a field till the clover has had its day. But the daisy with its slender stalk does not crowd or obstruct the plant, while its broad white flower is like a light parasol that tempers and softens the too strong sunlight. Indeed, daisies and strawberries are generally associated. Nature fills her dish with the berries, then covers them with the white and yellow of milk and cream, thus suggesting a combination we are quick to follow. Milk alone, after it loses its animal heat, is a clod, and begets torpidity of the brain; the berries lighten it, give wings to it, and one is fed as by the air he breathes or the water he drinks.

Then the delight of "picking" the wild berries. It is one of the fragrant memories of boyhood. Indeed, for boy or man to go a-berrying in a certain pastoral country I know of, where a passer-by along the highway is often regaled by a breeze loaded with a perfume of the o'er-ripe fruit, is to get nearer to June than by almost any course I know of. Your errand is so private and confidential! You stoop low. You part away the grass and the daisies, and would lay bare the inmost secrets of the meadow. Everything is yet tender and succulent; the very air is bright and new; the warm breath of the meadow comes up in your face; to your knees you are in a sea of daisies and clover; from your knees up you are in a sea of solar light and warmth. Now you are prostrate like a swimmer, or like a surf-bather reaching for pebbles or shells, the white and green spray breaks

above you; then like a devotee before a shrine, or naming his beads, your rosary strung with luscious berries; anon you are a grazing Nebuchadnezzar, or an artist taking an inverted view of the landscape.

The birds are alarmed by your close scrutiny of their domain. They hardly know whether to sing or to cry, and do a little of both. The bobolink follows you and circles above and in advance of you, and is ready to give you a triumphal exit from the field, if you will only depart.

“Ye boys that gather flowers and strawberries,
Lo, hid within the grass, an adder lies,”

Warton makes Virgil sing; and Montaigne, in his *Journey to Italy*, says, “The children very often are afraid, on account of the snakes, to go and pick the strawberries that grow in quantities on the mountains and among the bushes.” But there is no serpent here—at worst, only a bumble-bee’s or yellow-jacket’s nest. You soon find out the spring in the corner of the field under the beechen tree. While you wipe your brow and thank the Lord for spring water, you glance at the initials in the bark, some of them so old that they seem runic and legendary. You find out, also, how gregarious the strawberry is—that the different varieties exist in little colonies about the field. When you strike the outskirts of one of these plantations, how quickly you work toward the centre of it, and then from the centre out, then circumnavigate it, and follow up all its branchings and windings!

Then the delight in the abstract and in the concrete of strolling and lounging about the June meadows; of lying in pickle for half a day or more in this pastoral

sea, laved by the great tide, shone upon by the virile sun, drenched to the very marrow of your being with the warm and wooing influences of the young summer!

I was a famous berry-picker when a boy. It was near enough to hunting and fishing to enlist me. Mother would always send me in preference to any of the rest of the boys. I got the biggest berries and the most of them. There was something of the excitement of the chase in the occupation, and something of the charm and preciousness of game about the trophies. The pursuit had its surprises, its expectancies, its sudden disclosures,—in fact, its uncertainties. I went forth adventurously. I could wander free as the wind. Then there were moments of inspiration, for it always seemed a felicitous stroke to light upon a particularly fine spot, as it does when one takes an old and wary trout. You discovered the game where it was hidden. Your genius prompted you. Another had passed that way and had missed the prize. Indeed, the successful berry-picker, like Walton's angler, is born, not made. It is only another kind of angling. In the same field one boy gets big berries and plenty of them; another wanders up and down, and finds only a few little ones. He cannot see them; he does not know how to divine them where they lurk under the leaves and vines. The berry-grower knows that in the cultivated patch his pickers are very unequal, the baskets of one boy or girl having so inferior a look that it does not seem possible they could have been filled from the same vines with certain others. But neither blunt fingers nor blunt eyes are hard to find, and as there are those who can see nothing clearly.

so there are those who can touch nothing deftly or gently.

The cultivation of the strawberry is thought to be comparatively modern. The ancients appear to have been a carnivorous race; they gorged themselves with meat, while the modern man makes larger and larger use of fruits and vegetables, until this generation is doubtless better fed than any that has preceded it. The strawberry and the apple, and such vegetables as celery, ought to lengthen human life,—at least to correct its biliousness and make it more sweet and sanguine.

The first impetus to strawberry culture seems to have been given by the introduction of our field berry (*Fragaria Virginiana*) into England in the seventeenth century, though not much progress was made till the eighteenth. This variety is much more fragrant and aromatic than the native berry of Europe, though less so in that climate than when grown here. Many new seedlings sprang from it, and it was the prevailing berry in English and French gardens, says Fuller, until the South American species *Grandiflora* was introduced and supplanted it. This berry is naturally much larger and sweeter and better adapted to the English climate than our *Virginiana*. Hence the English strawberries of to-day surpass ours in these respects, but are wanting in that aromatic pungency that characterises most of our berries.

The Jecunda, Triumph, Victoria, etc., are foreign varieties of the *Grandiflora* species; while the Hovey, the Boston pine, the Downer, etc., are natives of this country.

The strawberry, in the main, repeats the form of the human heart, and perhaps of all the small fruits known to man none other is so deeply and fondly cherished, or hailed with such universal delight, as this lowly but youth-renewing berry.

—Burroughs.

(From "*Locusts and Wild Honey*," used by permission of and by arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., authorized publishers of Burroughs' works).

SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace with himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road Will Wimble joined a couple

of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the game-act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty-jury.

The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for *taking the law* of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the *widow*. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution: his father left him four score pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree.

As sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between

them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-a-one, if he pleased, might take *the law of him* for fishing in that part of the river. My friend sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time told them, with the air of a man that would not give his judgment rashly, that "much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, "that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit." I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that sir Roger *was up*. The speech he made was so little to the

purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the county gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door, so that *The knight's head* had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and, when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, That it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add

a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into *The Saracen's Head*. I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper, upon sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honour's head was brought back last night, with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance to my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, "that much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

—*Addison*.

THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE.

Reader, in thy passage from the Bank—where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself)—to the Flower

Pot, to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly,—didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome, brick and stone edifice, to the left—where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters, and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's.

This was once a house of trade,—a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticoes; imposing staircases; offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee-rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, door-keepers—directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend), at long worm-eaten tables, that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting massy silver inkstands long since dry;—the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of Queen Anne, and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty;—huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated;—dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams,—and soundings of the Bay of Panama!—The long passages hung with buckets, appended, in idle row, to walls, whose substance might defy any, short of the last conflagration:—with vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay, an

“unsunned heap,” for Mammon to have solaced his solitary heart withal,—long since dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous BUBBLE——

Such is the SOUTH-SEA HOUSE. At least, such it was forty years ago, when I knew it,—a magnificent relic! What alterations may have been made in it since, I have had no opportunities of verifying. Time, I take for granted, has not freshened it. No wind has resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters. A thicker crust by this time stagnates upon it. The moths, that were then battenning upon its obsolete ledgers and day-books, have rested from their depredations, but other light generations have succeeded, making fine fretwork among their single and double entries. Layers of dust have accumulated (a superfoetation of dirt!) upon the old layers, that seldom used to be disturbed, save by some curious finger, now and then, inquisitive to explore the mode of book-keeping in Queen Anne’s reign; or, with less hallowed curiosity, seeking to unveil some of the mysteries of that tremendous HOAX, whose extent the petty peculators of our day look back upon with the same expression of incredulous admiration, and hopeless ambition of rivalry, as would become the puny face of modern conspiracy contemplating the Titan size of Vaux’s superhuman plot.

Peace to the manes of the BUBBLE! Silence and destitution are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial!

Situated as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerce,—amid the fret and fever of speculation—with the Bank, and the ’Change, and the India House about thee, in the hey-day of present prosperity, with

their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their *poor neighbour out of business*—to the idle and merely contemplative,—to such as me, old house ! there is a charm in thy quiet :—a cessation—a coolness from business—an indolence almost cloistral—which is delightful ! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide ! They spoke of the past :—the shade of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would flit by me, stiff as in life. Living accounts and accountants puzzle me. I have no skill in figuring. But thy great dead tomes, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves—with their old fantastic flourishes, and decorative rubric interlacings—their sums in triple columniations, set down with formal superfluity of cyphers—with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business, or bill of lading—the costly vellum covers of some of them almost persuading us that we are got into some *better library*,—are very agreeable and edifying spectacles. I can look upon these defunct dragons with complacency. Thy heavy odd-shaped ivory-handled pen-knives (our ancestors had everything on a larger scale than we have hearts for) are as good as anything from Herculaneum. The pounce-boxes of our days have gone retrograde.

The very clerks which I remember in the South-Sea House—I speak of forty years back—had an air very different from those in the public offices that I have had to do with since. They partook of the genius of the place

There were mostly¹ (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors. Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind. Old-fashioned, for a reason mentioned before. Humorists, for they were of all descriptions; and, not having been brought together in early life (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other), but, for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A lay-monastery. Domestic retainers in a great house, kept more for show than use. Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat—and not a few among them had arrived at considerable proficiency on the German flute.

The cashier at that time was one Evans, a Cambro-Briton. He had something of the choleric complexion of his countrymen stamped on his visage, but was a worthy, sensible man at bottom. He wore his hair, to the last, powdered and frizzed out, in the fashion which I remember to have seen in caricatures of what were termed, in my young days, *Maccaronies*. He was the last of that race of beaux. Melancholy as a gib-cat over his counter all the forenoon, I think I see him making up his cash (as they call it) with tremulous fingers, as if he feared every one about him was a defaulter; in his hypochondry ready to imagine himself one; haunted, at least, with the idea of the possibility of his becoming one: his tristful visage clearing up a little over his roast neck of veal at Ander-ton's at two (where his picture still hangs, taken a little

before his death by desire of the master of the coffee-house, which he had frequented for the last five-and-twenty years), but not attaining the meridian of its animation till evening brought on the hour of tea and visiting. The simultaneous sound of his well-known rap at the door with the stroke of the clock announcing six, was a topic of never-failing mirth in the families which this dear old bachelor gladdened with his presence. Then was his *forte*, his glorified hour! How would he chirp, and expand over a muffin! How would he dilate into secret history! His countryman Pennant himself, in particular, could not be more eloquent than he in relation to old and new London—the site of old theatres, churches, streets, gone to decay—where Rosamond's pond stood—the Mulberry Gardens—and the Conduit in Cheap—with many a pleasant anecdote, derived from paternal tradition, of those grotesque figures which Hogarth has immortalized in his picture of *Noon*,—the worthy descendants of those heroic confessors, who flying to this country, from the wrath of Louis the Fourteenth and his dragoons, kept alive the flame of pure religion in the sheltering obscurities of Hog Lane, and the vicinity of the Seven Dials!

Deputy, under Evans, was Thomas Tame. He had the air and stoop of a nobleman. You would have taken him for one, had you met him in one of the passages leading to Westminster Hall. By stoop I mean that gentle bending of the body forwards, which, in great men, must be supposed to be the effect of an habitual condescending attention to the applications of their inferiors. While he held you in converse, you felt strained to the

height in the colloquy. The conference over, you were at leisure to smile at the comparative insignificance of the pretensions which had just awed you. His intellect was of the shallowest order. It did not reach to a saw or a proverb. His mind was in its original state of white paper. A sucking babe might have posed him. What was it then? Was he rich? Alas no! Thomas Tame was very poor. Both he and his wife looked outwardly gentlefolks, when I fear all was not well at all times within. She had a neat meagre person, which it was evident she had not sinned in over-pampering; but in its veins was noble blood. She traced her descent, by some labyrinth of relationship, which I never thoroughly understood,—much less can explain with any heraldic certainty at this time of day,—to the illustrious, but unfortunate house of Derwentwater. This was the secret of Thomas's stoop. This was the thought—the sentiment—the bright solitary star of your lives,—ye mild and happy pair,—which cheered you in the night of intellect, and in the obscurity of your station! This was to you instead of riches, instead of rank, instead of glittering attainments: and it was worth them all together. You insulted none with it; but, while you wore it as a piece of defensive armour only, no insult likewise could reach you through it. *Decus et solamen.*

Of quite another stamp was the then accountant, John Tipp. He neither pretended to high blood, nor in good truth cared one fig about the matter. He “thought an accountant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it.” Yet John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant hours.

He sang, certainly, with other notes than to the Orphean lyre. He did, indeed, scream and scrape most abominably. His fine suite of official rooms in Threadneedle Street, which, without anything very substantial appended to them, were enough to enlarge a man's notions of himself that lived in them—(I know not who is the occupier of them now)—resounded fortnightly to the notes of a concert of "sweat breasts," as our ancestors would have called them, culled from club-rooms and orchestras—chorus singers—first and second violoncellos—double basses—and clarionets—who ate his cold mutton, and drank his punch, and praised his ear. He sate like Lord Midas among them. But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all ideas, that were purely ornamental, were banished. You could not speak of anything romantic without rebuke. Politics were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted. The whole duty of man consisted in writing off dividend warrants. The striking of the annual balance in the company's books (which, perhaps, differed from the balance of last year in the sum of £25 ls. 6d.) occupied his days and nights for a month previous. Not that Tipp was blind to the deadness of *things* (as they called them in the city) in his beloved house, or did not sigh for a return of the old stirring days when South-Sea hopes were young—he was indeed equal to the wielding of any the most intricate accounts of the most flourishing company in these or those days):—but to a genuine accountant the difference of proceeds is as nothing. The fractional farthing is as dear to his heart as the thousands which stand before it. He is the true actor, who,

whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity. With Tipp form was everything. His life was formal. His actions seemed ruled with a ruler. His pen was not less erring than his heart. He made the best executor in the world : he was plagued with incessant executorships accordingly, which excited his spleen and soothed his vanity in equal ratios. He would swear (for Tipp swore) at the little orphans, whose rights he would guard with a tenacity like the grasp of the dying hand that commended their interests to his protection. With all this there was about him a sort of timidity—(his few enemies used to give it a worse name)—a something which, in reverence to the dead, we will place, if you please, a little on this side of the heroic. Nature certainly had been pleased to endow John Tipp with a sufficient measure of the principle of self-preservation. There is a cowardice which we do not despise, because it has nothing base or treacherous in its elements ; it betrays itself, not you : it is mere temperament ; the absence of the romantic and the enterprising ; it sees a lion in the way, and will not, with Fortinbras, “ greatly find quarrel in a straw,” when some supposed honour is at stake. Tipp never mounted the box of a stage-coach in his life ; or leaned against the rails of a balcony ; or walked upon the ridge of a parapet ; or looked down a precipice ; or let off a gun ; or went upon a water-party ; or would willingly let you go if he could have helped it : neither was it recorded of him, that for lucre, or for intimidation, he ever forsook friend or principle.

Whom next shall we summon from the dusty dead, in whom common qualities become uncommon ? Can I

forget thee, Henry Man, the wit, the polished man of letters, the *author*, of the South-Sea House? who never enteredst thy office in a morning, or quittedst it in mid-day—(what didst *thou* in an office?)—without some quirk that left a sting! Thy gibes and thy jokes are now extinct, or survive but in two forgotten volumes, which I had the good fortune to rescue from a stall in Barbican, not three days ago, and found thee terse, fresh, epigrammatic, as alive. Thy wit is a little gone by in these fastidious days—thy topics are stalled by the “new-born gauds” of the time:—but great thou used to be in Public Ledgers, and in Chronicles, upon Chatham and Shelburne, and Rockingham, and Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, and the war which ended in the tearing from Great Britain her rebellious colonies,—and Keppel, and Wilkes, and Sawbridge, and Bull, and Dunning, and Pratt, and Richmond,—and such small politics.—

A little less facetious, and a great deal more obstreperous, was fine rattling, rattleheaded Plumer. He was descended,—not in a right line, reader (for his lineal pretensions, like his personal, favoured a little of the sinister bend), from the Plumers of Hertfordshire. So tradition gave him out; and certain family features not a little sanctioned the opinion. Certainly, old Walter Plumer (his reputed author) had been a rake in his days, and visited much in Italy, and had seen the world. He was uncle, bachelor-uncle, to the fine old Whig still living, who has represented the county in so many successive parliaments, and has a fine old mansion near Ware. Walter flourished in George the Second’s days, and was the same who was summoned before the House of Com-

mons about a business of franks, with the old Duchess of Marlborough. You may read of it in Johnson's Life of Cave. Cave came off cleverly in that business. It is certain our Plumer did nothing to discountenance the rumour. He rather seemed pleased whenever it was, with all gentleness, insinuated. But, besides his family pretensions, Plumer was an engaging fellow, and sang gloriously.—

Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangest, mild, child-like, pastoral M——; a flute's breathing less divinely whispering than thy Arcadian melodies, when in tones worthy of Arden, thou didst chant that song sung by Amiens to the banished Duke, which proclaims the winter wind more lenient than for a man to be ungrateful. Thy sire was old surly M——, the unapproachable churchwarden of Bishopsgate. He knew not what he did, when he begat thee, like spring, gentle offspring of blustering winter:—only unfortunate in thy ending, which should have been mild, conciliatory, swan-like.—

Much remains to sing. Many fantastic shapes rise up, but they must be mine in private:—already I have fooled the reader to the top of his bent;—else could I omit that strange creature Woollett, who existed in trying the question, and *bought litigations*?—and still stranger, inimitable, solemn Hepworth, from whose gravity Newton might have deduced the law of gravitation. How profoundly would he nib a pen—with what deliberation would he wet a wafer!—

But it is time to close—night's wheels are rattling over me—it is proper to have done with this solemn mockery.

Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while—peradventure the very *names* which I have summoned up before thee, are fantastic, insubstantial—like Henry Pimpnel, and old John Naps of Greece:—

Be satisfied that something answering to them has had a being. Their importance is from the past.

—Charles Lamb.

NIL NISI BONUM.

Almost the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, “Be a good man, my dear!” and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time. Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic’s pen will be at work, reviewing their lives, and passing judgment on their works. This is no review, or history, or criticism: only a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labour the honour of becoming acquainted with these two eminent literary men. One was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his hand on the child’s head. He bore Washington’s name: he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling goodwill. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own

person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her? It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did: to inflame national rancours, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed: to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new: to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of goodwill and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you

acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect (I have found American writers, of wide-world reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medalled by the King, diplomatized by the University, crowned and honoured and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honours, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancour and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish, virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hand from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honoured and welcomed. Every large city has its "Irving House."

The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was for ever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one. I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place, whilst his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms, because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amiable British para-

graph-monger from New York, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest, blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private chamber to look at him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told—I saw two of these ladies at his house—with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labour and genius.

“Be a good man, my dear.” One can’t but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humoured, affectionate, self-denying: in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary’s merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling: in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life:—I don’t know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting: but Irving was in our service as well as theirs; and as they have

placed a stone at Greenwich yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

As for the other writer, whose departure many friends, some few most dearly-loved relatives, and multitudes of admiring readers deplore, our republic has already decreed his statue, and he must have known that he had earned this posthumous honour. He is not a poet and man of letters merely, but citizen, statesman, a great British worthy. Almost from the first moment when he appears, amongst boys, amongst college students, amongst men, he is marked, and takes rank as a great Englishman. All sorts of successes are easy to him: as a lad he goes down into the arena with others, and wins all the prizes to which he has a mind. A place in the senate is straightway offered to the young man. He takes his seat there; he speaks, when so minded, without party anger or intrigue, but not without party faith and a sort of heroic enthusiasm for his cause. Still, he is poet and philosopher even more than orator. That he may have leisure and means to pursue his darling studies, he absents himself for a while, and accepts a richly remunerative post in the East. As learned a man may live in a cottage or a college common-room; but it always seemed to me that ample means and recognized rank were Macaulay's as of right. Years ago there was a wretched outcry raised because Mr. Macaulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle, where he was staying.

Immortal gods ! Was this man not a fit guest for any palace in the world ? or a fit companion for any man or woman in it ? I daresay after Austerlitz, the old K. K. court officials and footmen sneered at Napoleon for dating from Schönbrunn. But that miserable "Windsor Castle" outcry is an echo out of fast-retreating old-world remembrances. The place of such a natural chief was amongst the first of the land ; and that country is best, according to our British notion at least, where the man of eminence has the best chance of investing his genius and intellect.

If a company of giants were got together, very likely one or two of the mere six-feet-six people might be angry at the incontestable superiority of the very tallest of the party : and so I have heard some London wits, rather peevish at Macaulay's superiority, complain that he occupied too much of the talk, and so forth. Now that wonderful tongue is to speak no more, will not many a man grieve that he no longer has the chance to listen ? To remember the talk is to wonder : to think not only of the treasures he had in his memory, but of the trifles he had stored there, and could produce with equal readiness. Almost on the last day I had the fortune to see him, a conversation happened suddenly to spring up about senior wranglers, and what they had done in after-life. To the almost terror of the persons present, Macaulay began with the senior wrangler of 1801-2-3-4, and so on, giving the name of each, and relating his subsequent career and rise. Every man who has known him has his story regarding that astonishing memory. It may be that he was not ill-pleased that you should recognize it ; but to those prodigious intellectual

feats, which were so easy to him, who would grudge his tribute of homage? His talk was, in a word, admirable, and we admired it.

Of the notices which have appeared regarding Lord Macaulay, up to the day when the present lines are written (the 9th of January), the reader should not deny himself the pleasure of looking especially at two. It is a good sign of the times when such articles as these (I mean the articles in the *Times* and *Saturday Review*) appear in our public prints about our public men. They educate us, as it were, to admire rightly. An uninstructed person in a museum or at a concert may pass by without recognizing a picture or a passage of music, which the connoisseur by his side may show him is a masterpiece of harmony, or a wonder of artistic skill. After reading these papers, you like and respect more the person you have admired so much already. And so with regard to Macaulay's style there may be faults of course—what critic can't point them out? But for the nonce we are not talking about faults; we want to say *nil nisi bonum*. Well—take at hazard any three pages of the *Essays* or *History*;—and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Why is this epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage, in two or three words, to paint an individual, or to indicate a landscape? Your neighbour, who has *his* reading, and his little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the

prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence: he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description.

Many Londoners—not all—have seen the British Museum Library. I speak *à cœur ouvert*, and pray the kindly reader to bear with me. I have seen all sort of domes of Peters and Pauls, Sophia, Pantheon,—what not?—and have been struck by none of them so much as by that catholic dome in Bloomsbury, under which our million volumes are housed. What peace, what love, what truth, what beauty, what happiness for all, what generous kindness for you and me, are here spread out! It seems to me one cannot sit down in that place without a heart full of grateful reverence. I own to have said my grace at the table, and to have thanked heaven for this my English birthright, freely to partake of these bountiful books, and to speak the truth I find there. Under the dome which held Macaulay's brain, and from which his solemn eyes looked out on the world but a fortnight since, what a vast, brilliant, and wonderful store of learning was ranged! what strange lore would he not fetch for you at your bidding! A volume of law, or history, a book of poetry familiar or forgotten (except by himself who forgot nothing), a novel ever so old, and he had it at hand. I spoke to him once about *Clarissa*. "Not read *Clarissa*!" he cried out. "If you have once thoroughly entered on *Clarissa* and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I was in India I passed one hot season at the hills, and there were the Governor-

General, and the Secretary of Government, and the Commander-in-Chief, and their wives. I had *Clarissa* with me : and, as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace ! The Governor's wife seized the book, and the Secretary waited for it, and the Chief Justice could not read it for tears !” He acted the whole scene : he paced up and down the “Athenæum” library : I daresay he could have spoken pages of the book—of that book, and of what countless piles of others !

In this little paper let us keep the text of *nil nisi bonum*. One paper I have read regarding Lord Macaulay says “he had no heart.” Why, a man's books may not always speak the truth, but they speak his mind in spite of himself ; and it seems to me this man's heart is beating through every page he penned. He is always in a storm of revolt and indignation against wrong, craft, tyranny. How he cheers heroic resistance ; how he backs and applauds freedom struggling for its own ; how he hates scoundrels, ever so victorious and successful ; how he recognizes genius, though selfish villains possess it ! The critic who says Macaulay had no heart, might say that Johnson had none ; and two men more generous, and more loving, and more hating, and more partial, and more noble, do not live in our history. Those who knew Lord Macaulay knew how admirably tender and generous and affectionate he was. It was not his business to bring his family before the theatre footlights, and call for bouquets from the gallery as he wept over them.

If any young man of letters reads this little sermon—

and to him, indeed, it is addressed—I would say to him, “Bear Scott’s words in your mind, and ‘*be good, my dear.*’” Here are two literary men gone to their account, and, *laus Deo*, as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable &c. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted: each pursuing his calling; each speaking his truth as God bade him; each honest in his life; just and irreproachable in his dealings; dear to his friends; honoured by his country; beloved at his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of both to give incalculable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to *our service*. We may not win the bâton or epaulettes; but God give us strength to guard the honour of the flag!

—Thackeray.

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THE VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH.

What is to be taken as the predominant opinion of man, reflective and philosophic, upon SUDDEN DEATH? It is remarkable that, in different conditions of society, sudden death has been variously regarded as the consummation of an earthly career most fervently to be desired, or, again, as that consummation which is with

most horror to be deprecated. Cæsar the Dictator, at his last dinner party (*cæna*), on the very evening before his assassination, when the minutes of his earthly career were numbered, being asked what death, in *his* judgment, might be pronounced the most eligible, replied, "That which should be the most sudden." On the other hand, the divine Litany of our English Church, when breathing forth supplications, as if in some representative character, for the whole human race prostrate before God, places such a death in the very van of horrors:—"From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from SUDDEN DEATH—*Good Lord, deliver us.*" Sudden death is here made to crown the climax in a grand ascent of calamities; it is ranked among the last of curses; and yet, by the noblest of Romans, it was ranked as the first of blessings. In that difference most readers will see little more than the essential difference between Christianity and Paganism. But this, on consideration, I doubt. The Christian Church may be right in its estimate of sudden death; and it is a natural feeling, though after all it may also be an infirm one, to wish for a quiet dismissal from life—as that which *seems* most reconcilable with meditation, with penitential retrospects, and with the humilities of farewell prayer. There does not, however, occur to me any direct scriptural warrant for this earnest petition of the English Litany, unless under a special construction of the word "sudden." It seems a petition—indulged rather and conceded to human infirmity, than exacted from human piety. It is not so much a doctrine built upon the eternities of the Chris-

tian system, as a plausible opinion built upon special varieties of physical temperament. Let that, however, be as it may, two remarks suggest themselves as prudent restraints upon a doctrine which else *may* wander, and *has* wandered, into an uncharitable superstition. The first is this: that many people are likely to exaggerate the horror of a sudden death, from the disposition to lay a false stress upon words or acts, simply because by an accident they have become *final* words or acts. If a man dies, for instance, by some sudden death when he happens to be intoxicated, such a death is falsely regarded with peculiar horror; as though the intoxication were suddenly exalted into a blasphemy. But *that* is unphilosophic. The man was, or he was not, *habitually* a drunkard. If not, if his intoxication were a solitary accident, there can be no reason for allowing special emphasis to this act, simply because through misfortune it became his final act. Nor, on the other hand, if it were no accident, but one of his *habitual* transgressions, will it be the more habitual or the more a transgression, because some sudden calamity, surprising him, has caused this habitual transgression to be also a final one. Could the man have had any reason even dimly to foresee his own sudden death, there would have been a new feature in his act of intemperance—a feature of presumption and irreverence, as in one that, having known himself drawing near to the presence of God, should have suited his demeanour to an expectation so awful. But this is no part of the case supposed. And the only new element in the man's act is not any element of special immorality, but simply of special misfortune.

The other remark has reference to the meaning of the word *sudden*. Very possibly Cæsar and the Christian Church do not differ in the way supposed; that is, do not differ by any difference of doctrine as between Pagan and Christian views of the moral temper appropriate to death, but perhaps they are contemplating different cases. Both contemplate a violent death, a *Biaθavatos*—death that is *Biaios*, or, in other words, death that is brought about, not by internal and spontaneous change, but by active force having its origin from without. In this meaning the two authorities agree. Thus far they are in harmony. But the difference is, that the Roman by the word “sudden” means *unlingering*; whereas the Christian Litany by “sudden death” means a death *without warning*, consequently without any available summons to religious preparation. The poor mutineer, who kneels down to gather into his heart the bullets from twelve firelocks of his pitying comrades, dies by a most sudden death in Cæsar’s sense; one shock, one mighty spasm, one (possibly *not* one) groan, and all is over. But, in the sense of the Litany, the mutineer’s death is far from sudden; his offence originally, his imprisonment, his trial, the interval between his sentence and its execution, having all furnished him with separate warnings of his fate—having all summoned him to meet it with solemn preparation.

Here at once, in this sharp verbal distinction, we comprehend the faithful earnestness with which a holy Christian Church pleads on behalf of her poor departing children, that God would vouchsafe to them the last great privilege and distinction possible on a death-bed—

viz., the opportunity of untroubled preparation for facing this mighty trial. Sudden death, as a mere variety in the modes of dying, where death in some shape is inevitable, proposes a question of choice which, equally in the Roman and the Christian sense, will be variously answered according to each man's variety of temperament. Meantime, one aspect of sudden death there is, one modification, upon which no doubt can arise, that of all martyrdoms it is the most agitating—viz., where it surprises a man under circumstances which offer (or which seem to offer) some hurrying, flying, inappreciably minute chance of evading it. Sudden as the danger which it affronts, must be any effort by which such an evasion can be accomplished. Even *that*, even the sickening necessity for hurrying in extremity where all hurrying seems destined to be vain, even that anguish is liable to a hideous exasperation in one particular case—viz., where the appeal is made not exclusively to the instinct of self-preservation, but to the conscience, on behalf of some other life besides your own, accidentally thrown upon *your* protection. To fail, to collapse in a service merely your own, might seem comparatively venial; though, in fact, it is far from venial. But to fail in a case where Providence has suddenly thrown into your hands the final interests of another—a fellow-creature shuddering between the gates of life and death; this, to a man of apprehensive conscience, would mingle the misery of an atrocious criminality with the misery of a bloody calamity. You are called upon, by the case supposed, possibly to die; but to die at the very moment when, by

any even partial failure, or effeminate collapse of your energies, you will be self-denounced as a murderer. You had but the twinkling of an eye for your effort, and that effort might have been unavailing; but to have risen to the level of such an effort, would have rescued you, though not from dying, yet from dying as a traitor to your final and farewell duty.

The situation here contemplated exposes a dreadful ulcer, lurking far down in the depths of human nature. It is not that men generally are summoned to face such awful trials. But potentially, and in shadowy outline, such a trial is moving subterraneously in perhaps all men's natures. Upon the secret mirror of our dreams such a trial is darkly projected, perhaps, to every one of us. That dream, so familiar to childhood, of meeting a lion, and, through languishing prostration in hope and the energies of hope, that constant sequel of lying down before the lion, publishes the secret frailty of human nature—reveals its deep-seated falsehood to itself—records its abysmal treachery. Perhaps not one of us escapes that dream; perhaps, as by some sorrowful doom of man, that dream repeats for every one of us, through every generation, the original temptation in Eden. Every one of us, in this dream, has a bait offered to the infirm places of his own individual will; once again a snare is presented for tempting him into captivity to a luxury of ruin; once again, as in aboriginal Paradise, the man falls by his own choice; again, by infinite iteration, the ancient earth groans to Heaven, through her secret caves, over the weakness of her child: "Nature, from her seat, sighing through all her works," again "gives

signs of woe that all is lost;" and again the counter sigh is repeated to the sorrowing heavens for the endless rebellion against God. It is not without probability that in the world of dreams every one of us ratifies for himself the original transgression. In dreams, perhaps under some secret conflict of the midnight sleeper, lighted up to the consciousness at the time, but darkened to the memory as soon as all is finished, each several child of our mysterious race completes for himself the treason of the aboriginal fall.

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The incident, so memorable in itself by its features of horror, and so scenical by its grouping for the eye, which furnished the text for this reverie upon *Sudden Death*, occurred to myself in the dead of night, as a solitary spectator, when seated on the box of the Manchester and Glasgow mail, in the second or third summer after Waterloo. I find it necessary to relate the circumstances, because they are such as could not have occurred unless under a singular combination of accidents. In those days, the oblique and lateral communications with many rural post-offices were so arranged, either through necessity or through defect of system, as to make it requisite for the main north-western mail (*i.e.*, the *down* mail), on reaching Manchester, to halt for a number of hours; how many, I do not remember; six or seven, I think; but the result was, that, in the ordinary course, the mail recommenced its journey northwards about midnight. Wearied with the long detention at a gloomy hotel, I walked out about eleven o'clock at night for the sake of fresh air, meaning to fall in with the mail and

resume my seat at the post-office. The night, however, being yet dark, as the moon had scarcely risen, and the streets being at that hour empty, so as to offer no opportunities for asking the road, I lost my way; and did not reach the post-office until it was considerably past midnight; but, to my great relief (as it was important for me to be in Westmoreland by the morning), I saw in the huge saucer eyes of the mail, blazing through the gloom, an evidence that my chance was not yet lost. Past the time it was; but, by some rare accident, the mail was not even yet ready to start. I ascended to my seat on the box, where my cloak was still lying as it had lain at the Bridgewater Arms. I had left it there in imitation of a nautical discoverer, who leaves a bit of bunting on the shore of his discovery, by way of warning off the ground the whole human race, and notifying to the Christian and the heathen worlds, with his best compliments, that he has hoisted his pocket-handkerchief once and forever upon that virgin soil; thenceforward claiming the *jus dominii* to the top of the atmosphere above it, and also the right of driving shafts to the centre of the earth below it; so that all people found after this warning, either aloft in upper chambers of the atmosphere, or groping in subterraneous shafts, or squatting audaciously on the surface of the soil, will be treated as trespassers—kicked, that is to say, or decapitated, as circumstances may suggest, by their very faithful servant, the owner of the said pocket-handkerchief. In the present case, it is probable that my cloak might not have been respected, and the *jus gentium* might have been cruelly violated in my person—for, in the dark, people commit

deeds of darkness, gas being a great ally of morality—but it so happened that, on this night, there was no other outside passenger; and thus the crime, which else was but too probable, missed fire for want of a criminal.

Having mounted the box, I took a small quantity of laudanum, having already travelled two hundred and fifty miles—viz., from a point seventy miles beyond London. In the taking of laudanum there was nothing extraordinary. But by accident it drew upon me the special attention of my assessor on the box, the coachman. And in *that* also there was nothing extraordinary. But by accident, and with great delight, it drew my own attention to the fact that this coachman was a monster in point of bulk, and that he had but one eye. In fact, he had been foretold by Virgil as

“Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens cui lumen ademptum.”

He answered to the conditions in every one of the items:—1. a monster he was; 2. dreadful; 3. shapeless; 4. huge; 5. who had lost an eye. But why should *that* delight me? Had he been one of the Calendars in the “Arabian Nights,” and had paid down his eye as the price of his criminal curiosity, what right had *I* to exult in his misfortune? I did *not* exult; I delighted in no man’s punishment, though it were even merited. But these personal distinctions (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) identified in an instant an old friend of mine, whom I had known in the south for some years as the most masterly of mail-coachmen. He was the man in all Europe that could (if *any* could) have driven six-in-hand full gallop over *Al Sirat*—that dreadful bridge of Mahomet, with no side battlements, and of *extra* room not enough for a razor’s

edge—leading right across the bottomless gulf. Under this eminent man, whom in Greek I cognominated Cyclops *diphrelates* (Cyclops the charioteer), I, and others known to me, studied the diphrelatic art. Excuse, reader, a word too elegant to be pedantic. As a pupil, though I paid extra fees, it is to be lamented that I did not stand high in his esteem. It showed his dogged honesty (though, observe, not his discernment), that he could not see my merits. Let us excuse his absurdity in this particular, by remembering his want of an eye. Doubtless *that* made him blind to my merits. In the art of conversation, however, he admitted that I had the whip-hand of him. On this present occasion, great joy was at our meeting. But what was Cyclops doing here? Had the medical men recommended northern air, or how? I collected, from such explanations as he volunteered, that he had an interest at stake in some suit-at-law now pending at Lancaster; so that probably he had got himself transferred to this station, for the purpose of connecting with his professional pursuits an instant readiness for the calls of his lawsuit.

Meantime, what are we stopping for? Surely we have now waited long enough. Oh, this procrastinating mail, and this procrastinating post-office! Can't they take a lesson upon that subject from *me*? Some people have called *me* procrastinating. Yet you are witness, reader, that I was here kept waiting for the post-office. Will the post-office lay its hand on its heart, in its moments of sobriety, and assert that ever it waited for me? What are they about? The guard tells me that there is a large extra accumulation of foreign mails this

night, owing to irregularities caused by war, by wind, by weather, in the packet service, which as yet does not benefit at all by steam. For an *extra* hour, it seems, the post-office has been engaged in threshing out the pure wheaten correspondence of Glasgow, and winnowing it from the chaff of all baser intermediate towns. But at last all is finished. Sound your horn, guard. Manchester, good-by ; we've lost an hour by your criminal conduct at the post-office : which, however, though I do not mean to part with a serviceable ground of complaint, and one which really *is* such for the horses, to me secretly is an advantage, since it compels us to look sharply for this lost hour amongst the next eight or nine, and to recover it (if we can) at the rate of one mile extra per hour. Off we are at last, and at eleven miles an hour ; and for the moment I detect no changes in the energy or in the skill of Cyclops.

From Manchester to Kendal, which virtually (though not in law) is the capital of Westmoreland, there were at this time seven stages of eleven miles each. The first five of these, counting from Manchester, terminate in Lancaster, which is therefore fifty-five miles north of Manchester, and the same distance exactly from Liverpool. The first three stages terminate in Preston (called, by way of distinction from other towns of that name, *proud* Preston), at which place it is that the separate roads from Liverpool and from Manchester to the north become confluent. Within these first three stages lay the foundation, the progress, and termination of our night's adventure. During the first stage, I found out that Cyclops was mortal : he was liable to the shocking

affection of sleep—a thing which previously I had never suspected. If a man indulges in the vicious habit of sleeping, all the skill in aurigation of Apollo himself, with the horses of Aurora to execute his notions, avail him nothing. “Oh, Cyclops!” I exclaimed, “thou art mortal. My friend, thou snoorest.” Through the first eleven miles, however, this infirmity—which I grieve to say that he shared with the whole Pagan Pantheon—betrayed itself only by brief snatches. On waking up, he made an apology for himself, which, instead of mending matters, laid open a gloomy vista of coming disasters. The summer assizes, he reminded me, were now going on at Lancaster: in consequence of which, for three nights and three days, he had not lain down in a bed. During the day, he was waiting for his own summons as a witness on the trial in which he was interested; or else, lest he should be missing at the critical moment, was drinking with the other witnesses, under the pastoral surveillance of the attorneys. During the night, or that part of it which at sea would form the middle watch, he was driving. This explanation certainly accounted for his drowsiness, but in a way which made it much more alarming; since now, after several days’ resistance to this infirmity, at length he was steadily giving way. Throughout the second stage he grew more and more drowsy. In the second mile of the third stage, he surrendered himself finally and without a struggle to his perilous temptation. All his past resistance had but deepened the weight of this final oppression. Seven atmospheres of sleep rested upon him; and to consummate the case, our worthy guard, after singing “Love

amongst the Roses" for perhaps thirty times, without invitation, and without applause, had in revenge moodily resigned himself to slumber—not so deep, doubtless, as the coachman's, but deep enough for mischief. And thus at last, about ten miles from Preston, it came about that I found myself left in charge of his Majesty's London and Glasgow mail, then running at the least twelve miles an hour.

What made this negligence less criminal than else it must have been thought, was the condition of the roads at night during the assizes. At that time, all the law business of populous Liverpool, and also of populous Manchester, with its vast cincture of populous rural districts, was called up by ancient usage to the tribunal of Lilliputian Lancaster. To break up this old traditional usage required, 1. a conflict with powerful established interests; 2. a large system of new arrangements; and, 3. a new parliamentary statute. But as yet this change was merely in contemplation. As things were at present, twice in the year so vast a body of business rolled northwards, from the southern quarter of the county, that for a fortnight at least it occupied the severe exertion of two judges in its despatch. The consequence of this was that every horse available for such a service, along the whole line of road, was exhausted in carrying down the multitudes of people who were parties to the different suits. By sunset, therefore, it usually happened that, through utter exhaustion amongst men and horses, the road sank into profound silence. Except the exhaustion in the vast adjacent county of York from a contested election, no such silence suc-

ceeding to no such fiery uproar was ever witnessed in England.

On this occasion, the usual silence and solitude prevailed along the road. Not a hoof nor a wheel was to be heard. And to strengthen this false luxurious confidence in the noiseless roads, it happened also that the night was one of peculiar solemnity and peace. For my own part, though slightly alive to the possibilities of peril, I had so far yielded to the influence of the mighty calm as to sink into a profound reverie. The month was August, in the middle of which lay my own birth-day—a festival to every thoughtful man suggesting solemn and often sigh-born thoughts. The county was my own native county—upon which, in its southern section, more than upon any equal area known to man past or present, had descended the original curse of labour in its heaviest form, not mastering the bodies only of men as of slaves, or criminals in mines, but working through the fiery will. Upon no equal space of earth was, or ever had been, the same energy of human power put forth daily. At this particular season also of the assizes, that dreadful hurricane of flight and pursuit, as it might have seemed to a stranger, which swept to and from Lancaster all day long, hunting the county up and down, and regularly subsiding back into silence about sunset, could not fail (when united with this permanent distinction of Lancashire as the very metropolis and citadel of labour) to point the thoughts pathetically upon that counter vision of rest, of saintly repose from strife and sorrow, towards which, as to their secret haven, the profounder aspirations of man's heart are in solitude continually

travelling. Obliquely upon our left we were nearing the sea, which also must, under the present circumstances, be repeating the general state of halcyon repose. The sea, the atmosphere, the light, bore each an orchestral part in this universal lull. Moonlight, and the first timid tremblings of the dawn, were by this time blending; and the blendings were brought into a still more exquisite state of unity by a slight silvery mist, motionless and dreamy, that covered the woods and fields, but with a veil of equable transparency. Except the feet of our own horses, which, running on a sandy margin of the road, made but little disturbance, there was no sound abroad. In the clouds, and on the earth, prevailed the same majestic peace; and in spite of all that the villain of a schoolmaster has done for the ruin of our sublimer thoughts, which are the thoughts of our infancy, we still believe in no such nonsense as a limited atmosphere. Whatever we may swear with our false feigning lips, in our faithful hearts we still believe, and must forever believe, in fields of air traversing the total gulf between earth and the central heavens. Still, in the confidence of children that tread without fear *every* chamber in their father's house, and to whom no door is closed, we, in that Sabbatic vision which sometimes is revealed for an hour upon nights like this, ascend with easy steps from the sorrow-stricken fields of earth, upwards to the sandals of God.

Suddenly, from thoughts like these, I was awakened to a sullen sound, as of some motion on the distant road. It stole upon the air for a moment; I listened in awe; but then it died away. Once roused, however, I could

not but observe with alarm the quickened motion of our horses. Ten years' experience had made my eye learned in the valuing of motion; and I saw that we were now running thirteen miles an hour. I pretend to no presence of mind. On the contrary, my fear is that I am miserably and shamefully deficient in that quality as regards action. The palsy of doubt and distraction hangs like some guilty weight of dark unfathomed remembrances upon my energies, when the signal is flying for *action*. But, on the other hand, this accursed gift I have, as regards *thought*, that in the first step towards the possibility of a misfortune, I see its total evolution; in the radix of the series I see too certainly and too instantly its entire expansion; in the first syllable of the dreadful sentence, I read already the last. It was not that I feared for ourselves. *Us*, our bulk and impetus charmed against peril in any collision. And I had ridden through too many hundreds of perils that were frightful to approach, that were matter of laughter to look back upon, the first face of which was horror—the parting face a jest, for any anxiety to rest upon *our* interests. The mail was not built, I felt assured, nor bespoke, that could betray *me* who trusted to its protection. But any carriage that we could meet would be frail and light in comparison of ourselves. And I remarked this ominous accident of our situation. We were on the wrong side of the road. But then, it may be said, the other party, if other there was, might also be on the wrong side; and two wrongs might make a right. *That* was not likely. The same motive which had drawn *us* to the right-hand side of the road—viz., the luxury of the soft beaten

sand, as contrasted with the paved centre—would prove attractive to others. The two adverse carriages would therefore, to a certainty, be travelling on the same side; and from this side, as not being ours in law, the crossing over to the other would, of course, be looked for from *us*. Our lamps, still lighted, would give the impression of vigilance on our part. And every creature that met us would rely upon *us* for quartering. All this, and if the separate links of the anticipation had been a thousand times more, I saw, not discursively, or by effort, or by succession, but by one flash of horrid simultaneous intuition.

Under this steady though rapid anticipation of the evil which *might* be gathering ahead, ah! what a sullen mystery of fear, what a sigh of woe, was that which stole upon the air, as again the far-off sound of a wheel was heard! A whisper it was—a whisper from, perhaps, four miles off—secretly announcing a ruin that, being foreseen, was not the less inevitable; that, being known, was not, therefore, healed. What could be done—who was it that could do it—to check the storm-flight of these maniacal horses? Could I not seize the reins from the grasp of the slumbering coachman? You, reader, think that it would have been in *your* power to do so. And I quarrel not with your estimate of yourself. But, from the way in which the coachman's hand was viced between his upper and lower thigh, this was impossible. Easy, was it? See, then, that bronze equestrian statue. The cruel rider has kept the bit in his horse's mouth for two centuries. Unbridle him, for a minute, if you please, and wash his mouth with water.

Easy, was it? Unhorse me, then, that imperial rider; knock me those marble feet from those marble stirrups of Charlemagne.

The sounds ahead strengthened, and were now too clearly the sounds of wheels. Who and what could it be? Was it industry in a taxed cart? Was it youthful gaiety in a gig? Was it sorrow that loitered, or joy that raced? For as yet the snatches of sound were too intermitting, from distance, to decipher the character of the motion. Whoever were the travellers, something must be done to warn them. Upon the other party rests the active responsibility, but upon *us*—and, woe is me! that *us* was reduced to my frail opium-shattered self—rests the responsibility of warning. Yet, how should this be accomplished? Might I not sound the guard's horn? Already, on the first thought, I was making my way over the roof to the guard's seat. But this, from the accident which I have mentioned, of the foreign mails being piled upon the roof, was a difficult and even dangerous attempt to one cramped by nearly three hundred miles of outside travelling. And, fortunately, before I had lost much time in the attempt, our frantic horses swept round an angle of the road, which opened upon us that final stage where the collision must be accomplished, and the catastrophe sealed. All was apparently finished. The court was sitting; the case was heard; the judge had finished; and only the verdict was yet in arrear.

Before us lay an avenue, straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees, which rose in a regular line from either side,

meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this Gothic aisle, a frail reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and by his side a young lady. Ah, young sir! what are you about? If it is requisite that you should whisper your communications to this young lady—though really I see nobody, at an hour and on a road so solitary, likely to overhear you—is it therefore requisite that you should carry your lips forward to hers? The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour; and the parties within it being thus tenderly engaged, are naturally bending down their heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a-half. Oh heavens! what is it that I shall do? Speaking or acting, what help can I offer? Strange it is, and to a mere auditor of the tale might seem laughable, that I should need a suggestion from the “Iliad” to prompt the sole resource that remained. Yet so it was. Suddenly I remembered the shout of Achilles, and its effect. But could I pretend to shout like the son of Peleus, aided by Pallas? No: but then I needed not the shout that should alarm all Asia militant; such a shout would suffice as might carry terror into the hearts of two thoughtless young people, and one gig-horse. I shouted—and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted—and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

Here, then, all had been done that, by me, *could* be done: more on *my* part, was not possible. Mine had been the first step; the second was for the young man;

the third was for God. If, said I, this stranger is a brave man, and if, indeed, he loves the young girl at his side—or, loving her not, if he feels the obligation, pressing upon every man worthy to be called a man, of doing his utmost for a woman confided to his protection—he will, at least, make some effort to save her. If *that* fails, he will not perish the more, or by a death more cruel, for having made it; and he will die as a brave man should, with his face to danger, and with his arm about the woman that he sought in vain to save. But, if he makes no effort, shrinking, without a struggle, from his duty, he himself will not the less certainly perish for this baseness of poltroonery. He will die no less: and why not? Wherefore should we grieve that there is one craven less in the world? No; *let* him perish, without a pitying thought of ours wasted upon him; and, in that case, all our grief will be reserved for the fate of the helpless girl who now, upon the least shadow of failure in *him*, must, by the fiercest of translations—must, without time for a prayer—must, within seventy seconds, stand before the judgment-seat of God.

But craven he was not: sudden had been the call upon him, and sudden was his answer to the call. He saw, he heard, he comprehended, the ruin that was coming down; already its gloomy shadow darkened above him; and already he was measuring his strength to deal with it. Ah! what a vulgar thing does courage seem, when we see nations buying it and selling it for a shilling a day: ah! what a sublime thing does courage seem, when some fearful summons on the great deeps of life carries a man, as if running before a hurricane, up to the giddy crest of

some tumultuous crisis, from which lie two courses, and a voice says to him audibly, "One way lies hope; take the other, and mourn forever!" How grand a triumph, if, even then, amidst the raving of all around him, and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation—is able to retire for a moment into solitude with God, and to seek his counsel from *Him*!

For seven seconds, it might be, of his seventy, the stranger settled his countenance steadfastly upon us, as if to search and value every element in the conflict before him. For five seconds more of his seventy he sat immovably, like one that mused on some great purpose. For five more, perhaps, he sat with eyes upraised, like one that prayed in sorrow, under some extremity of doubt, for light that should guide him to the better choice. Then suddenly he rose; stood upright; and by a powerful strain upon the reins, raising his horse's forefeet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot of his hind legs, so as to plant the little equipage in a position nearly at right angles to ours. Thus far his condition was not improved; except as a first step had been taken towards the possibility of a second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very centre of our path, though in an altered direction. Yet even now it may not be too late: fifteen of the seventy seconds may still be unexhausted; and one almighty bound may avail to clear the ground. Hurry, then, hurry! for the flying moments—*they* hurry. Oh, hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses—*they* also hurry! Fast are the flying moments, faster are the hoofs of our horses. But

fear not for *him*, if human energy can suffice; faithful was he that drove to his terrific duty; faithful was the horse to *his* command. One blow, one impulse given with voice and hand, by the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the docile creature's fore-feet upon the crown or arching centre of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our over-towering shadow: *that* was evident even to my own agitated sight. But it mattered little that one wreck should float off in safety, if upon the wreck that perished were embarked the human freightage. The rear part of the carriage—was *that* certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? What power could answer the question? Glance of eye, thought of man, wing of angel, which of these had speed enough to sweep between the question and the answer, and divide the one from the other? Light does not tread upon the steps of light more indivisibly, than did our all-conquering arrival upon the escaping efforts of the gig. *That* must the young man have felt too plainly. His back was now turned to us; not by sight could he any longer communicate with the peril; but by the dreadful rattle of our harness, too truly had his ear been instructed—that all was finished as regarded any further effort of *his*. Already in resignation he had rested from his struggle; and perhaps in his heart he was whispering, “Father, which art in heaven, do Thou finish above what I on earth have attempted.” Faster than ever mill-race we ran past them in our inexorable flight. Oh, raving of hurricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! Even in that

moment the thunder of collision spoke aloud. Either with the swingle-bar, or with the haunch of our near leader, we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely, and not quite so far advanced, as to be accurately parallel with the near-wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. I rose in horror, to gaze upon the ruins we might have caused. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene, which in a moment told its own tale, and wrote all its records on my heart forever.

Here was the map of the passion that now had finished. The horse was planted immovably, with his fore-feet upon the paved crest of the central road. He of the whole party might be supposed untouched by the passion of death. The little cany carriage—partly, perhaps, from the violent torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given it—as if it sympathized with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man trembled not, nor shivered. He sat like a rock. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look round; for he knew that, if anything remained to do, by him it could no longer be done. And as yet he knew not for certain if their safety were accomplished. But the lady—

But the lady——! Oh, heavens! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing? Figure to your-

self, reader, the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your mind the circumstances of that unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night—from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight—from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring love—suddenly as from the woods and fields—suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation—suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger roar of his voice.

The moments were numbered; the strife was finished; the vision was closed. In the twinkling of an eye, our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at right angles we wheeled into our former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams forever.

—*De Quincey.*

NOTES.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

“During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination. The thought suggested itself that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one the incidents and agents were to be in part at least supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. . . . In this idea originated the plan of the *Lyrical Ballads*, in which it was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic, yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith.”—*Biographia Literaria*, Chapter XIV.

The immediate occasion of the poem was the necessity for providing funds to defray the expenses of a holiday trip taken by Wordsworth, his sister, and Coleridge. The poem was planned during the course of this expedition. It was founded on a dream of Coleridge's friend Cruikshank, who fancied he saw coming into port, a skeleton ship with spectre figures on board. Shelvocke's *Voyages* suggested the incident of the Albatross. Other incidents were suggested by Wordsworth, and drawn from various books. But the greater portion of the poem originated with Coleridge himself.

The Ancient Mariner was published in 1798, but was afterwards very much changed. The marginal gloss which serves as a running commentary on the poem was added in 1817.

THE MOTTO.—“I readily believe that there are more invisible than visible beings in the universe. But who will explain to us the nature of all these, the rank, relationships, distinguishing characteristics and functions of each? What is it they do? Where is it they dwell?

Human thought ever circles around the knowledge of these mysteries, never touching the centre. Meanwhile it is, I confess, oft-times well pleasing to behold sketched upon the mind, as upon a tablet, a picture of the greater and better world; so shall the spirit, accustomed to the petty concerns of daily life, not narrow itself overmuch, nor sink utterly into trivialities. But meanwhile we must diligently seek for truth, and maintain a temperate judgment, if we would distinguish certainty from uncertainty, day from night."

PART I.

1. **ancient.** In the double sense of old and belonging to olden times. **Rime** means poem.

11. **loon.** Low, base fellow.

12. **eftsoons.** Immediately.

36. **minstrelsy.** A body of minstrels.

56. **sheen.** Splendour.

57. **ken.** See.

62. **swound.** Swoon.

63. **Albatross.** A web-footed bird, remarkable for its great size and powers of flight. The wings often measure twelve feet from tip to tip. The bird is found at great distances from shore.

64. **thorough.** An archaic form of through.

76. **vespers.** Evenings.

PART II.

97. **like God's own head.** This phrase qualifies Sun in line 98.

98. **uprist** Uprose.

128. **death-fires.** Phosphorescent lights, or corpse-candles.

129. **witch's oils.** A common device of wizards to add to the mystery of a scene.

Flavius Josephus. A Jewish historian of the first century who wrote *The History of the Jewish Wars*. He was made a Roman citizen by Titus.

Michael Psellus. A platonic philosopher of Constantinople who lived in the eleventh century. He wrote *A Dialogue Concerning the Work of Spirits*.

PART III.

152. **wist.** Sometimes explained as "I thought," from A. S. **witan**, to know, but more probably here from A. S. **gewiss**, indeed, certainly.

155. **sprite.** Spirit.

164. **gramercy.** *Grand merci*, great thanks. Here a mere exclamation of surprise.

178. **Heaven's mother.** The Virgin Mary.

184. **gossameres.** Filmy cobwebs.

193. **night-mare.** According to the Norse legend a female demon who seated herself upon the breasts of sleepers, and oppressed them by causing the stoppage of the blood. The word means night-crusher.

The courts of the sun. The tropics.

209. **clomb.** Climbed.

212. **star-dogged.** "It is a common superstition among sailors that something dire is about to happen whenever a star dogs the moon."—*Coleridge*.

PART IV.

267. **bemock'd.** The apparent coldness of the ocean, caused by the white moonbeams, mocked the oppressive heat of the night.

PART V.

294. **Mary Queen.** The Virgin Mary.

297. **silly.** Empty, useless.

302. **dank.** Damp, moist.

308. **ghost.** Spirit.

337. **'gan work.** Did work or worked.

362. **jargoning.** Chattering.

394. **I have not.** It is not in my power.

407. **honey-dew.** No specific reference. A compound of *honey* and *dew*. "For he on honey-dew hath fed." *Kubla Khan*.

PART VI.

435. **charnel-dungeon.** A vault where corpses are deposited.

489. **holy rood.** The holy cross.

490. **seraph-man.** Angels of the highest order; the messengers of Jehovah.

512. **shrieve.** Hear my confession and absolve me from my sin.

PART VII.

524. *throw*. Think, it seems to me.

535. *ivy-tod*. Ivy-bush.

575. *crossed his brow*. Made the sign of the cross as a protection against evil spirits.

623. *forlorn*. Deprived of.

624. *sadder*. More serious.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.

Get the movement of this story clearly fixed in your mind. Is the story well named? Does the poem seem to teach any moral truth? Viewing the whole story as an account of sin and its expiation show the significance of the following: (1) The welcome to the Albatross. (2) The killing of the Albatross. (3) The censure of the shipmates. (4) The praise of the shipmates. (5) The rotting deep. (6) The removal of the Cross and fixing of Albatross on neck. (7) The spectre ship. (8) The game between Death and Life-in-Death. (9) The death of the ship-companions. (10) The disgust aroused by the slimy creatures. (11) The blessing of these creatures. (12) The prayer and the loss of the Albatross. (13) The sleep. (14) The spirits in the dead men. (15) The dialogue between the two Voices. (16) The prayer at home-coming (l. 470). (17) The seraph-band. (18) The hermit. (19) The sinking of the ship. (20) The agony of lines 578-585. (21) Lines 601-609.

PART I.

Get a clear picture of the meeting between the Ancient Mariner and the wedding-guest. Why should a wedding-guest be chosen? Why one of three? Wherein lies the power of the Mariner? See lines 3, 9, 13, 40, 81, 224-229, 584, 620. Show how every detail in the description in the first five stanzas is related to the central purpose in these stanzas; in particular show how the abrupt introductions and speeches and the choice of terms serve a specific purpose. Is the story of the Mariner as given in lines 21-30 sufficiently interesting to hold the attention of the wedding-guest? How is direction indicated in lines 25-28? Compare with lines 83-86. What is the effect of the personification in lines 25-28? What device gives force to tenth stanza? Why should *he* be used instead of *it* in line 41? What means does the poet employ to

give us a vivid picture of the land of ice? Which appears to have the more wonderful effect—the sights or the sounds? Why does the poet give such a dismal, lonely picture? Discuss the aptness of the simile in lines 45-50. What is the effect of introducing a six-line stanza? What is an Albatross? Does the fact that it was welcomed add anything to the guilt of the Mariner and his companions? How is the effect upon us of the Mariner's confession increased?

PART II.

What was the attitude of the mariners at first towards the killing of the bird? Why did they change? Who was more guilty—the Mariner or his companions? Read lines 97, 98 so as to bring out the true meaning. How is the effectiveness of the picture increased by a device in line 107? What is a *copper sky*? Examine carefully the effectiveness of each word used to describe the great calm. What is the effect of repetitions in lines 115-121? Is the exclamation in line 123 profane? What is the poetic effect of lines 125, 126? What is the effect of the simile “like a witch's oils”? Is the spirit of vengeance more terrible from being invisible? What is the meaning of *well a-day*? What is the significance of the Albatross being hung about the Ancient Mariner's neck? Note how the sailors get the idea that they are being punished and how they attempt to shift the blame.

PART III.

Does the feeling of expectation aroused by the phantom ship add anything to the horror that follows? What incidents are employed to create the feeling of horror in Part III? What is the meaning of *Gramercy!* and of *grin* in line 164? Why is this scene fixed at sunset? Is there any striking poetic effect in the use of the word *dungeon-grate*, line 179? Explain *gossameres*. What is the meaning of “like vessel like crew!” Whether is it better to fall into the hands of *Death* or *Life-in-Death*? Is the name of the woman suitable to her work? What effect is produced by the picture in lines 190-195? Is the agony of the Ancient Mariner greater in lines 214 and 215 than it has been before? Is this his greatest curse? What is the meaning of *star-dogged*, line 212? What gives horror to the death of the crew? Why is the “whizz of the cross-bow” mentioned in line 223? Has the conscience of the Ancient Mariner begun to torment him yet?

PART IV.

What is the force of the simile in line 226? What gives stanza 3, Part IV, its power? How does the contrast in stanza 4 add to the effect? How can the epithet *beautiful* be justified? What does the Mariner tell us of his mental attitude in stanzas 5 and 6? What is meant by a *wicked whisper*, line 246? At what point did the mental attitude of the Mariner change? What followed? What is the general teaching at this point? Why does the Mariner turn away his gaze from the *rotting sea*, line 240, and from *heaven*, line 248? Does he escape punishment by so doing? Why does he see beauty in the movement of the moon, lines 264-267? (See the gloss.) What is the meaning of *charmed*, line 270? *bemock'd*, line 268? Note the aptness of the figure in line 284. Why does the prayer come when the Mariner blesses the creatures of the calm? Why should not the poem end at line 290?

PART V.

Give quotations to show that Coleridge chooses Roman Catholicism as the religious setting of this poem? Why? How is it the Ancient Mariner can sleep at last? Show the suitability of the expression to the thought in lines 295 and 296. Why *pole to pole* in line 293? Why *silly* in line 297? Explain *burst*, *fire-flags*, *sheen*, *wan*, lines 313-318. What figure in lines 315-317? What is the effect of the unnatural picture in lines 320-323? How is this unnaturalness increased in lines 327-330? Where is the climax reached? Why is the *skylark* selected for mention in 359? What is the meaning of *jargoning*? Note the appropriateness of the similes in 360-372. When did the wind cease? What happened then? What is the meaning of *living life*, line 395? Who are the two Voices? What poetic beauty is added by the introduction of these two Voices? Compare the Voices. Are they necessary to the action? Why did the Mariner swoon?

PART VI.

What is the purpose in giving moonlight such prominence in this poem? Judging by lines 438-440, what do you consider the greatest curse that is laid on the Ancient Mariner? To what feeling does the wind in lines 452-462 correspond? Did the Mariner think the harbour real? What is the meaning of the prayer, line 470? Compare the silence in Part VI. with the silence in Part IV. How did it come that the Ancient Mariner saw the shadows of the spirits before he saw the

spirits themselves? Why *perforce* in line 502? What do lines 506, 507 reveal as to the mental attitude of the speaker? Through which of the senses has the Mariner been appealed to in the various scenes of this story? What sounds and sights brought joy in Part VI? Why does each part of the poem close with a reference to the Albatross?

PART VII.

What purpose is served by the pilot, the pilot's boy and the hermit? Why should the pilot rather than the hermit be afraid? What caused the ship to sink? With the salvation of the Mariner did there come a sense of forgiveness? What duty did he feel to be laid upon him? Why did he select the wedding-guest as a person to whom he should tell the story? What is your impression as to the character of the wedding-guest? What general truth has the Ancient Mariner gleaned from his own experience? What effect has the story had on the wedding-guest?

GENERAL.

What is the central teaching of this poem? Is there any falsehood? Is the punishment too great for the crime? Is the lesson of the poem too obtrusive? What devices does Coleridge employ to make the supernatural seem real? Why is the story given in conversational form? How has the reader's interest been secured and retained in this poem? What are the sources of the similes? Discuss their aptness. Point out examples of *sound echoing sense*. Find the *sea* pictures in the poem. Find the *moonlight* pictures. Make a list of archaic words. Make a list of internal rhymes. State the effect of each. Describe the stanza used in the poem.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

The Ancient Mariner, edited by Bates; Longmans, Green & Co. *The Ancient Mariner*, edited by Gibbs; Ginn & Co. *The Golden Book of Coleridge*, edited by Stopford Brooke; J. M. Dent. *Select Poems* (1900), Marshall & Stevenson; Copp, Clark Co. *The Ancient Mariner*, illustrated by Dore and Paton; Pollard and Moss. *The Ancient Mariner*, illustrated by Scott; Nelson & Sons.

HART-LEAP WELL.

Written early in 1800 at Town-end, Grasmere, and published in the same year. Wordsworth says: "My sister and I had passed the place a few weeks before. A peasant whom we met near the spot told us the story so far as concerned the name of the Well and the Hart, and pointed out the stones. Both the stones and the well are objects that may easily be missed. The tradition by this time (1843) may be extinct in the neighbourhood; the man who related it to us was very old." Dowden adds: "The well is three and a-half miles from Richmond, in Yorkshire. The aspens and the pillar have disappeared. For miles around there is a barren moor. The water still falls into the cup of stone."

1. Wensley Moor. A village in the north riding of Yorkshire, on the river Ure.

13. rout. A crowd of people.

38. dumb partner. His horse.

39. yeaned. Brought forth, born.

61. cunning. Skilful.

70. Paramour. Lady-love.

75. Swale-Ure. Two tributaries of the Ouse, in Yorkshire.

81. ere thrice, etc. Before three months had elapsed.

97. moving. Pathetic.

109. arms nor head. Neither branches nor leaves at the top.

164. sympathy divine. Matthew x., 29.

173. She leaves. "The slow decay of these objects is nature's warning to man against similar acts of cruelty; but when he has learnt the lesson of kindness to dumb animals, these sad memorials will be overgrown and concealed from view."—*Webb*.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

By a series of headings suggest the movement in each part of this poem. Show by a series of sub-headings how each heading is elaborated. What figures and epithets are used to make the pictures more vivid? Show the relation of each part of this poem to the central thought. What great contrasts do you find in the pictures in Part I and Part II?

What contrasts in language correspond to these? Why are the horses in stanzas 1, 2 and 3, described so minutely? Why such a careful description of the tired dogs? By what means—words, pictures, epithets, repetitions, etc.—does the poet intensify the vigour of the chase? Why should he so intensify it? Why is he so careful to describe the position of the dead stag in lines 41-44? Read the last two stanzas of the poem, and then tell why the poet has so carefully described the mental attitude of the knight in lines 45-75. What was that attitude? Sketch in your own words the character of the knight. What do you think the author's purpose was in writing this poem? (See lines 97-100, and 176-180.) Show in detail how he has accomplished his purpose. By what means does he appeal to our human sympathies? Compare the teaching of this poem with that of the *Ancient Mariner*. Which teaches its lesson in the more emphatic manner? Which seems to show the greater poetic skill? In which is the interest greater? In which is the progress of the action more rapid?

MICHAEL.

Michael was written at Town-end, Grasmere, in 1800, and published the same year in the edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*. Wordsworth says, "I have attempted to give a picture of a man of strong mind and lively sensibility, agitated by two of the most powerful affections of the human heart, parental affection, and the love of property, *landed* property, including the feelings of inheritance, home and personal and family independence." The story of the poem was founded on the son of an old couple having become dissolute and run away from his parents, and on an old shepherd having been seven years in building up a sheepfold in a solitary valley.

Alexander notes (Select Poems, 1899, Copp, Clark Co.) two main points in *Michael*. In the first place the poet chooses his theme for the nobility, intensity and beauty of the emotion involved, not because of the strikingness of the external facts that form the environment of this emotion. In the second place the poet does not present the series of events simply for their own sake, but further, although in a very unobtrusive fashion, he teaches a lesson. He further states: "The truth that Wordsworth drew from this picture of humble life, the feeling which it aroused in him, was that of the innate dignity and worth of

human nature; and through the poem he intensifies our sense of reverence for the race, our hopes for the future of mankind."

2. **Ghyll.** "A steep, narrow valley with a stream running through it."—*Wordsworth*. Green-head Ghyll is under Stone-Arthur, north-east of Grasmere.

51. **subterraneous music.** "I am not sure that I understand this right. Does it mean the sound of the wind under overhanging cliffs and in hollows of the hills?"—*Dowden*.

88. **telling.** counting.

134. **Easedale.** Is to the north of Grasmere, and *Dunmail-Raise* is the mountain gap from Grasmere to Keswick.

169. **clipping.** Shearing.

180. **coppice.** A wood of small growth.

259. **Richard Bateman.** "The story alluded to here is well known in the country. The chapel is called Ings Chapel, and is on the right hand side of the road leading from Kendal to Ambleside."—*Wordsworth*.

261. **made a gathering.** Took up a collection.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

What was Wordsworth's purpose in writing the poem? How far has he succeeded in this purpose? Is the title of the poem suitable? What is the real struggle in the mind of Michael? Has Wordsworth made this perfectly clear in the poem? Give, in your own words, the picture you have formed of Michael. To complete the picture is it necessary to add much to what the poet has given? What picture do you get of Elizabeth? Show how the poet gives such a clear picture of her in a few words. Why does he set forth so fully the industry of the home? Describe minutely the rearing of the child Luke. Show how each detail furnished has a distinct and necessary relation to the central thought of the poem. What clew to Michael's character is given in the account of his behaviour when the news of failure came? Describe the struggle in Michael's mind. What insight into the character of the father, mother and child is furnished by the account of Luke's departure? In what way does this careful account seem necessary to a complete appreciation of the whole poem? Give, in your own words, the parting injunctions of Michael to Luke. What does the parting scene reveal in the character of each? In what acts do you perceive the greatest tenderness in the old man? What was the relation of

Luke's home life to his conduct in the city? Why so short an account of his misdeeds? Show how the account of Michael's actions after the news of his son's disgrace is enough and yet not too much to show his great love. What is the lesson taught by this poem? Is it plainly stated or do you gather it from the poem? Which method do you prefer? Note the dramatic touches in the poem. Comment on its sympathy, its sincerity, its vigour. Is the poem too long for the story it has to tell? Are there any parts that might be condensed without injury to the poem? Are the characters clearly drawn? Are they consistent? Would you consider them as individuals or as types? What use has the poet made of nature in the poem? Why are set descriptions of nature wholly absent from *Michael*? Justify the intense realism of the poem? Is the story in itself suitable for poetic treatment? Examine the style of the poem. Is the language suited to the thought to be conveyed? Compare the language of the poem with that of ordinary prose. What poetic ornament has the poet used? What use has he made of repetition? What is the effect of this? Quote what you consider to be the two finest passages in the poem. Give reasons for your choice. Read aloud the account of Michael's treatment of Luke during childhood, and the account of his parting injunctions, so as to show the great love he bore to his son.

DORA.

This poem was published in 1842. It is partly based on the story of Dora Creswell in Miss Mitford's "Our Village," but the latter part is entirely the poet's own invention. The poem needs no comment other than the fact that it is probably the one poem in the English language in which there is an almost entire absence of poetic ornament.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Briefly tell the story of the poem. Picture as clearly as possible the successive scenes. Sketch in a few words the several characters. Are they consistent throughout? In the case of Allan, what is your feeling towards him at first? How does it alter as you proceed? How do you feel towards him at the close? How do you reconcile your feeling at the close with your previous feeling? Do reason and human sympathy harmonize? Point out clearly the part played by Dora in the narrative. What do you most admire in her character? Was she too

meek? Show how the poet has succeeded in making your respect and sympathy for her increase as the story proceeds. Compare her actions with those of Mary. Compare the two as to character. Is Mary's conduct natural? What was it in her words that reached the heart of the old man? What explanation of Farmer Allan's life is given in the words of his confession? What was really at the bottom of his obstinacy? What part is played by the child in the narrative? What is the life lesson of the poem? Was it the poet's intention to teach a lesson? Compare in this respect with *Michael*. What is the significance of the last two lines of the poem? Show what pictures the poet attempted to give in lines 10-45 and lines 70-95, and indicate how suitable and necessary each detail is to the effectiveness of the pictures. Comment on the absence of poetic ornament throughout this poem. What is the reason for this? Is the simplicity of the poem overdone? Has the style naturally grown out of the subject? Point out any lines that seem out of place in the narrative. Comment on the manner in which the poem opens. Do you note any scriptural echoes? Read aloud, so as to express the feeling in your mind, lines 25-31, 55-69, 84-99, 100-108, and 162-171.

RHÆCUS.

This poem was published in 1843 in Lowell's second volume of poems. The name *Rhæcus* is common in Greek literature, but this particular story does not seem to be founded on any well-known character in mythology. For similar instances of personification see Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome*, Chapter xxx.

18 the *hazel twig*. Divining rods, made usually of hazel, were formerly much used in order to discover hidden springs of water.

35. *Attic*. Greek.

53. *Dryad*. The Dryads were nymphs whose special care was the woods. They were not immortal, but their lives ended with the tree over which they presided and within which they lived. They were worshipped as goddesses, and had sacrifices offered to them.

57. *caterers*. "provide for my wants."

76. *pipe*. The favourite instrument of the shepherd in pastoral poetry.

82. *guerdon*. Reward.

106. *Venus*. The Goddess of Love among the Romans. Aphrodite was the Greek name of Venus.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Give in your own words the essential story of the poem. What moral teaching does the poet intend? Give quotations to show this. Give in your own words the specific teaching of lines 1-35. Do you agree with it? Show how the introduction is related to the story in the poem. What is the poet's thought as to the significance of Greek personification? Give any similar instances that may be known to you. What is the moral teaching in lines 141-144? What is the significance of the contrast in lines 156-7? Comment on their suitability as closing lines. Is there any reason for the particular details in lines 146-154? Was the punishment of Rhœcus suitable to the offence? Compare the teaching of this poem with that in *The Ancient Mariner* and *Hart-Leap Well*. Compare the manner in which the teaching is set forth. Which seems to you to convey the lesson best? Quote the significant lines in each of the poems. Is there any difference between the language of Lowell's moralizing and that of his descriptions? Examine in detail the similes and metaphors used, noting their aptness and beauty. Is the spirit in which this poem is related, in keeping with the story and the life-lesson of the poem?

 THE BROOK.

This poem was published in 1855. Many attempts have been made, but with little success, to identify *The Brook* with that near Somersby, the poet's birthplace.

1. **we.** Lawrence Aylmer and his brother Edmund. See line 197.
2. **too late.** To save his life.
3. **strong sons.** Those who viewed life from the sole standpoint of "business."
4. **lucky rhymes, etc.** "Success in rhyming took the place of stock and share certificates for him, and he preferred soft, melodious metres to getting a hundred per cent. for his money in business. Poetry, not money-making, was what he cared for."—*Rowe and Webb*.
6. **breeds.** Can bear interest.
8. **the thing that is not, etc.**

As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

—*Shakespeare.*

16. **branding.** So hot as to scorch.
17. **Neilgherry hills.** In India. A summer resort for the residents of the plains, the climate very much resembling that of England.
19. **primrose fancies.** In the double sense of early and bright-coloured.
23. **haunts of coot and hern.** A small marsh. The coot and the hern are water fowl.
26. **bicker.** To dart rapidly—to quiver.
29. **thorps.** Villages.
45. **fairy foreland.** Tiny promontory.
54. **grigs.** Grass-hoppers.
93. **fount of fictive tears.** “The reference is to people who are fond of sentiment, and shed tears of unreal sorrow over tales of suffering which they do not attempt to remedy, and who satisfy themselves with benevolent projects that end in specious talk. With such people, sentiment does not, as it ought, lead to action; they keep the two separate, indulging only in the former.”—*Rowe and Webb*.
103. **wizard pentagram.** A five-pointed star, used in the Middle Ages for magic purposes. The meaning, of course, is that Katie, to hide her confusion, is making a peculiar figure in the gravel with her foot.
123. **wheat-suburb.** The stacks of wheat in his farm-yard.
135. **serpent-rooted.** The roots knotted and coiled like a serpent.
146. **Golden Fleece.** The name of the public-house.
159. **coltish chronicle.** The pedigree of the colt.
176. **netted sunbeams.** A network caused by the sun shining through the branches, *not*, as Owen explains, “the sunbeam imprisoned in the water.”
180. **shingly bars.** Ridges of gravel.
181. **creesses.** Water-cress.
189. **Arno.** The river on which Florence is situated. One of the most conspicuous objects in Florence is the great dome surmounting the Cathedral. This was constructed by the great architect Brunelleschi, after his failure had been repeatedly foretold.
200. **tonsured head.** The head bald on the crown. A reference to the tonsure or shaven spot on the top of the head, customary with some orders of priests.

227. **My brother James.** Hallam Lord Tennyson notes that the implication here is that the father is dead, and further that Lawrence is thus at liberty to wed either the mother or the daughter. Which?

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Tell the story of the poem in the order of events. Tell briefly the story of Katie Willows under the headings—the quarrel of the lovers; the making-up; the life beyond the sea; the return. Why does Edmund come into the story? What kind of man was he? What part does the song of the Brook play in the poem? Show clearly its connection with the whole poem. Show in particular the aptness of the insertion of the stanzas in each place where they occur. What thought brought out in the poem is especially emphasized in the song? Is it possible to get the full meaning of the song apart from its context? What is the life-lesson of the poem? Sketch the character of old Philip. Explain lines 91-95. What two reasons might be given for the detailed description in lines 122-169? Sketch the character of Katie Willows. Does it show skill in portrayal? Is it natural? Compare with Philip in this respect. Is the story of the poem well told? Would it be better if the explanation delayed until line 197 were stated at the beginning? What is the advantage in this arrangement? What use does Tennyson make of nature in this poem? Does his use of nature harmonize with the story. Point out instances of minute observation of nature. Compare with *Dora* in this respect. Give as many instances as you can from the poem of the sound echoing the sense and of the use of alliteration. Make a careful study of the poem for the purpose of noting the appropriateness and beauty of the figures used, and the specific words employed. Quote, to illustrate the poet's power of giving a vivid picture in a few words. (Lines 67-73; 115-118, etc., etc.) Memorize the song of the Brook. As far as possible point out its merits as a lyric. Why is *The Brook* such a favourite poem? Why does it appeal to you in particular? Compare it as an idyll of country life with *Michael* and *Dora*. Finish the story of the poem from the point at which the poet stops. Show by oral reading that you appreciate (a) the thought, (b) the music of the poem.

ULYSSES.

This poem was published in the volume of 1842. Its hero is Ulysses or Odysseus one of the bravest of the Greek heroes in the Trojan war, and whose adventures on the way home from Troy are celebrated by

Homer in the *Odyssey*. Ulysses was renowned for his wisdom as a counsellor, his resourcefulness, and his bravery in war. After wandering for ten years, he was at last restored to his country. It is at this point that Tennyson takes up Ulysses. He represents him as thoroughly discontented with his monotonous life, and ever longing for new experiences, and for greater knowledge. The hint is to be found in Dante for this treatment of the subject (Collins' *Illustrations of Tennyson*, page 58). It is to be noted however, that while *Ulysses* is a Dramatic monologue, yet Tennyson himself told Mr. Knowles that "There is more about myself in *Ulysses*, which was written under the sense of loss, [the death of Arthur Hallam] and that all had gone by, but that still life must be fought to the end. It was more written with the feeling of his loss upon me than many poems in *In Memoriam*."

It would be well, after studying this poem, to read, if possible, *St. Agnes' Eve*, *Sir Galahad*, *The Voyage*, and *Merlin and the Gleam*.

2. barren crags. The rocky island of Ithaca, on the west coast of Greece.

3. aged wife. Penelope, who had waited faithfully for Ulysses for twenty years.

4. unequal laws. Partial, unfair, imperfect.

5. know not me. Cannot understand or appreciate me.

6. drink—lees. Drain the wine of life to the very dregs ; take out of life the utmost there is to be had.

8. suffer'd greatly. Homer generally calls Ulysses "the much enduring."

10. the rainy Hyades. A group of stars in the constellation of Taurus, whose rising and setting was accompanied by rain and storms.

11. a name. Famous.

12. hungry heart. Eager for knowledge.

17. ringing. With the clash of arms.

17. windy. A permanent Homeric epithet.

18. I am a part, etc. "My present character is composed of elements drawn from my various experiences."—*Rowe and Webb*.

25. of one. Of my single life.

29. some three suns. For the few years of life that yet remain.

33. Telemachus. The son of Ulysses and Penelope. His character in the *Odyssey* is very much as Tennyson represents him here.

35. discerning. Wise, sagacious.

42. household gods. Inferior gods who presided over houses and families.

45. my mariners. All the sailors of Ulysses were drowned on the voyage home from Troy.

53. gods. Venus and Mars helped the Trojans, and against them the Greeks had fought. It was the open hostility of Poseidon (Neptune) that kept Ulysses so long from his home.

60. the baths, etc. The place where the stars seemed to sink into the ocean.

63. the Happy Isles. The Elysian fields; the abode after death of the heroes and those favoured by the gods. These islands were supposed to be situated somewhere to the west of Africa.

64. Achilles. The hero of the Trojan war, and one of the companions-in-arms of Ulysses.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Make a topical analysis of the poem so as to show the logical order of the thought. (What type of life is here set forth?) What appears to have been to Tennyson the ideal life? Set it forth in a single word. How is such a life developed? Has the poet a place for other lives? Show, point by point, how the character of Ulysses is unfolded. Is he a universal character? If so, whom does he represent? Carry the application through, line by line. What is the attitude of Ulysses towards his countrymen? Distinguish between selfishness and the spirit set forth in this poem. What type of character does Telemachus represent? What is the attitude of Ulysses towards him? Which is the more useful type? What is the attitude of Ulysses towards his mariners? Quote the lines that seem to you to sum up the thought of the poem. In how far is the personal note struck in the poem? Compare, in this respect, with *Ode to Duty*. Examine carefully the poem for the purpose of pointing out the astonishing suitability of the words to the thought. Point out some fine examples of sound echoing sense. What use is made of nature in the poem? What knowledge of the sea does Tennyson here show? Compare this poem with the *Psalm of Life*, by Longfellow. Steadman says: "For visible grandeur and astonishingly compact expression there is no blank verse poem, equally restricted in length, that approaches the *Ulysses*." Prove this statement to be true by a detailed examination of *Ulysses*. Memorize the whole poem. Show by your oral reading that you have caught the spirit of the selection.

ODE TO DUTY.

This poem was first published in 1804. Wordsworth says: "This ode is on the model of Gray's *Ode to Adversity*. Many and many a time have I been twitted by my wife and sister for having forgotten this dedication of myself to the stern lawgiver. Transgressor indeed I have been from hour to hour, from day to day. I would fain hope, however, not more flagrantly, or in a worse way, than most of my tuneful brethren. But these last words are in a wrong strain. We should be rigorous to ourselves, and forbearing, if not indulgent, to others; and, if we make comparison at all, it ought to be with those who have morally excelled us."

The following excellent analysis of the poem is from *Selections from Wordsworth*, by W. T. Webb: The Macmillan Co.

"Duty is a God-given rule of conduct under whose guidance and support the struggle between right and wrong in the human breast is ended and peace is attained. There are some happy souls who follow Duty merely from a natural impulse towards what is right, but who yet may need her help. Blessed is the state of those who can completely rely upon love and joy to guide them; and happy too are they who make such reliance the rule of their life, but supplement it by the support of Duty. I, however, through inexperience and too much self-confidence, have often disobeyed the commands of Duty; but I would do so no longer. This desire is not the outcome of strong feeling, but of a longing for rest in my soul for a mental and moral equilibrium. The aspect of Duty, though severe, is kind; for from her emanates not only moral but physical law—the beauty of nature and the order of the universe. Henceforth I place myself under the guidance of Duty. May she enable me to give up my old foolish self-confidence and become her obedient and enlightened servant."

1. **Daughter.** The sense of duty is implanted in man by God.

3. **light—rod.** Psalm cxix., 105: Proverbs xxix., 15.

5. **victory and law.** "Duty amidst the tumult of our fears makes clear to us our course, following which we are given victory over our terrors."—*Sykes*.

7. **vain.** Foolish, worldly.

20. **joy its own security.** "Our possession of happiness proves this happiness to be well founded, and therefore permanent."—*Webb*.

26. **random gust.** Not carried away by every burst of passion.

- 33. disturbance. Agitation.
- 37. unchartered. Unrestrained by law.
- 39. change their name. Be changeable and discordant.
- 44. the smile, etc. The consciousness of having done the right.
- 54. self-sacrifice. Contrast with line 54.
- 55. confidence of reason. Contrast with line 15.
- 56. light of truth. Contrast with line 26.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Trace the line of thought, stanza by stanza, throughout the poem. Is the thought logically arranged? Make an abstract of the thought. State the essential meaning of the poem in a single sentence. Show the relation of each stanza to this thought. Give concrete illustration of each truth expressed. Why does not the poet give concrete illustrations? What three attitudes towards Duty are here spoken of? Contrast them. What liability to error in the life set forth in stanzas 2 and 3? What was the poet's personal experience in the matter? Why does he wish for a change? Why lines 33-35? What terms are employed to characterize Duty? How is the severity of the terms softened? "This is one of the finest examples of Wordsworth's power to elevate the homely and commonplace into the highest poetic sphere." Examine this statement. Is the thought in this ode based upon common sense and the lessons of experience? Is it a sermon in verse? Does the thought commend itself to your judgment? Is it universal in its application? Does the poem chiefly impress you as a work of artistic beauty or as something aiming to present profound truth? Examine the words of this poem under the following headings: (a) Suitability to prose writing. (b) Accuracy of meaning. (c) Sweetness of sound. Are there any departures from regular rhythm? If so, does it appear to be by design? How far does this poem appear to be subjective? Show by oral reading how much you feel the truth expressed in the poem?

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

Shelley says: "This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind whose temperature is at once mild and animating was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains."

“The emotion awakened by the approaching storm sets on fire other sleeping emotions in his heart, and the whole of his being bursts into flame around the first emotion. This is the manner of the genesis of all the noblest lyrics. He passes from magnificent realization of her storm and peace to equally great self-description, and then mingles all nature and himself together that he may sing of the restoration of mankind. There is no song in the whole of our literature more passionate, more penetrative, more full of the force by which the idea and its form are united in one creation.”—*Stopford Brooke*.

4. **hectic red.** The redness of decay.

9. **azure sister.** The light spring breezes, blowing under the blue sky.

14. **destroyer and preserver.** See lines 3 and 7.

15. **stream.** “A comparison of the wind’s swift current to a stream of water. The leaves are compared to foliage which is imagined to hang on invisible leaves in heaven and ocean, and to be swept off by the wind like dead leaves from real trees shaken into a river.”—*Ellis*.

18. **angels.** Messengers.

21. **fierce Mænad.** Bacchantes, or the devotees of Bacchus, the god of wine. They were accustomed to indulge in the most frenzied actions during the worship of the god, letting their hair stream loose, and killing even human beings who interfered with their devotions.

31. **coil.** Winding round.

32. **pumice isle.** Island of volcanic origin.

32. **Baia’s bay.** A bay near Naples.

34. **quivering.** Saw the shadow of the old city which was formerly situated on its shore, agitated by the motion of the wind, and looking peculiarly intense through the medium of the water.

37. **level—chasms.** The smooth waters of the Atlantic, by the power of the wind, are cloven into vast hollows.

40. **foliage of the ocean.** “The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.”—*Shelley*.

64. **quicken.** Bring to life.

64. **new birth.** Compare with this stanza lines 36-40 *To a Skylark*.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Apply the first five questions on *Ode to Duty* to this poem. Quote the lines that seem to contain the main idea of the poem. What longing in the poet's mind led to the composition of the ode? How does he regard the West Wind in stanzas 1, 2 and 3? How does he apply the description to himself in stanzas 4 and 5? What is there in the life of Shelley that would give rise to this ode? Was he sincere in the wish expressed in the last stanza? Refer to any other poems of Shelley that seem to express a similar longing. Are the statements in stanza 4 in accordance with what you know of Shelley's life? Examine carefully the figures used throughout, especially those in stanzas 2 and 4. Re-write these stanzas in plain language, so as to bring out clearly and in detail the meaning. How far does the imaginative element predominate in this poem? Which faculty, the reason or the imagination, is more exercised? Give, in your own words, what you take to be the finest pictures in the selection. What is the poetic purpose of each picture? Compare any two of the pictures as to beauty and appropriateness. Examine in detail the words used, noting especially their connotation, *e.g.*, hectic, azure, locks, solid, clarion, sepulchre, etc. Compare line 14 with lines 69 and 70. Examine *carefully* the quotation from Stopford Brooke in the notes, and try to prove its truth from the poem itself. Memorize the ode. What is the value of the frequent invocations? Is there any irregularity in the recurrence of these? Note the stanza structure here used. Do you remember any other poem having the same rhyme-scheme? Compare the structure of the stanzas. Discuss, as far as possible, stanza by stanza, the suitability of the metre to the theme.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

This ode was first published in 1807. From his youth up the poet found it difficult to admit the notion of death as applicable to himself. He communed with all he saw as something inherent in his own immaterial nature. Regarding the doctrine of pre-existence he remarks :

“To that dream-like vividness and splendour which invests objects of sight in childhood, everyone, I believe, if he would look back would bear testimony. . . . It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. . . . A pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations; and is an ingredient in Platonic philosophy.” It is evident that the idea is one which is capable of poetic treatment, and the literary excellence of this poem does not altogether depend upon the absolute truth of the doctrine.

The line of thought in the poem is broken. Beginning with a recital of personal experience (1-55) it passes on to reflection and description (56-107). Then comes the apostrophe to childhood (108-128), followed by the introspective analysis (129-167), and the poem ends with an expression of personal resolution, desire, and feeling of contentment. Following this broken order the line of thought seems to be something like this:—

“In my childhood nature had a peculiar charm for me, but I am no longer able to perceive it. Outwardly it is still pleasing to the eye, but the old glory is gone. Because of this I had a grief, which, however, has been relieved by expression, and I can now appreciate and sympathize with the rejoicings of spring. It would indeed be an evil day if the whole world rejoiced and I were sullen, yet the tree, the field, the flower, tell me the old splendour is gone.

“We were born into this world from a previous state of existence. We brought with us a memory of our old surroundings. These mark our infancy, but gradually fade away as we attain manhood. The pleasures and occupations of the world tend to make us forget the glory we once perceived. Even the little child is soon taken up with the things of earth; his life consists in imitation. Why, O little child, art thou so eager to anticipate the yoke that the world with its dull routine will place upon thee?

“How we should rejoice that there is something in our nature to recall the old glory, its delight and liberty, as well as its sense of the unreality of all that is earthly! This feeling soothes, upholds, directs, and can never be wholly destroyed. Therefore shall we not grieve but the rather rejoice that the memory of the splendour which is gone is an earnest of the things to come. Yea, I love nature now more than in the days of childhood, for experience has given a sympathetic power

that enables me to gather from each natural object thoughts that often lie too deep for tears."

21. *tabor*. A small drum.

23. a timely utterance. Expression gives relief.

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

28. *fields of sleep*. A doubtful passage, explained as (1) the sleeping fields, (2) the fields in early morning that have just awaked from sleep, (3) the early dawn.

40. *coronal*. Garland of flowers.

51. *But there's a Tree*, etc. There is for everyone some particular objects that will awaken recollections of childhood.

58. *Our birth is but a sleep*, etc. When born into this existence we lost consciousness of our previous state, or rather only dimly remembered it.

67. *Shades of the prison-house*. The cares of earth.

72. *Nature's Priest*. A worshipper at nature's shrine.

77. *Earth fills her lap*, etc. In this stanza nature is considered as a foster-parent, loving her child, and anxious to secure his love.

88. *fretted*. Beset or worried.

108. *Thou, whose exterior semblance*, etc. The child is small and weak bodily, and this belies the immensity of his soul.

113. *Haunted forever*, etc. Subject to divine inspiration.

119. *Slave*. Does not denote servility. The influence of previous existence is master over all present situations.

127. *custom*. Conventionalism.

129. *embers*. Our ashes. "Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

141. *obstinate questionings*, etc. We *question* the reality of external things; they seem to *fall away* from us as unreal; they *vanish* in unsubstantiality.

154. *Our noisy years*, etc. Our lives seem but a brief interval between two eternities.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Write out in your own words the line of thought in the poem. Give in a single sentence the essential thought of each stanza. Into what

parts, other than stanzas, does the poem naturally divide itself? What are the leading ideas of the poem? State clearly the doctrine that underlies the poem. Do you find this doctrine discussed by any other poet? Are the transitions of the thought too abrupt? In how far does your own personal experience seem to agree with that set forth here? Commit to memory such passages as seem to contain worthy thought beautifully expressed. What figures of speech has Wordsworth here used? Criticize the use made of these in the poem. What do you take to be the principal characteristics of the poem? Examine these in detail. Basing your answer on this poem discuss Wordsworth as a nature-worshipper. What use does he here make of nature? Is this consistent with other poems of Wordsworth you have read? Does the first stanza form a good introduction to the poem? Does the last stanza form a fitting close? Compare stanza 5 with the first part of *Sir Launfal*. Compare lines 58-84 with the sonnet, *The world is too much with us*. Describe the metrical structure of this ode. Compare the structure with that of the other odes in this book. Why the difference?

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

This poem was published in *The Annals of the Fine Arts* in 1819. One morning, while staying with his friend Brown, Keats was so delighted with the song of a nightingale that he took his chair out into the garden, sat down under some trees, and in two or three hours had composed the ode. The poem has a strong personal bias. It was written after his fatal illness had taken possession of him, and while he was yet grieving for the death of his brother. His hopeless passion for a young lady friend was at this time eating into his heart. The whole poem breathes this air of sadness, longing and regret.

2. hemlock. A poisonous plant which caused death by weakness and paralysis.

3. opiate. Anything that dulls sensation.

4. Lethe-wards. Lethe was the river of oblivion, one of the rivers of Hell from which departed spirits drank and so were enabled to forget their past deeds.

7. Dryad. See *Rhæcus*, line 53.

9. beechen green. Foliage of the beech tree.

13. **Flora.** The Goddess of Flowers, here the flowers themselves.
14. **Provençal song.** During the Middle Ages poetry flourished, especially in Provence, among the Troubadours, the love poets of Southern France.
15. **beaker.** Drinking cup or goblet.
16. **Hippocrene.** The fountain of the Muses on Mount Helicon, produced by Pegasus, who struck the ground with his hoof ; hence the name "the fountain of the horse."
17. **winking.** The bursting of the wine-bubbles.
26. **youth grows pale.** A reference to his brother's death.
32. **by Bacchus and his pards.** Not under the inspiration of wine. Bacchus was the god of wine among the ancients, and was worshipped with peculiar ceremonies. His devotees are represented as riding on pards or leopards.
33. **viewless.** Invisible.
36. **Queen-Moon.** "A suggestion of Titania and her attendant suite of fairies, rather than of Diana and her nymphs."—*Sykes*.
37. **Fays.** Fairies.
43. **embalmed.** Full of balms or sweets.
44. **seasonable.** In keeping with the season.
46. **eglantine.** The sweet briar.
51. **darkling.** In the dark.
53. **mused rhyme.** Rhyme thought out.
60. **requiem.** A hymn for the repose of the dead.
62. **hungry generations.** "Ages that devour mankind."—*Brennan*.
67. **stood in tears.** *Ruth* II, 3 : 10.
69. **charmed magic casements.** A recollection of some old fairy tale. Perhaps one of those related in the *Arabian Nights*.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Make an abstract of the thought of the Ode. Picture as vividly as possible the successive scenes. Is the poem well-named? What is the real subject of the poem? What relation does the nightingale bear to the poem? What use has the poet made of the bird? Compare, if

possible, in this respect, with Shelley's *To a Skylark*. What is the characteristic note of the Ode? What does the poet really desire? Is the whole poem conceived in harmony with this desire? Is the versification also in harmony? How would you characterize the versification? How far is the personality of the poet evident in the poem? Could this experience have come to any other than Keats? What kind of a man would you take the poet to be? In what state of mind is the poet at the opening of the poem? Are the details here given in harmony with the general conception? Why should the poet wish for the inspiration of wine? Does this wish follow naturally from the first stanza? Why does he reject this inspiration? How does a stanza on the ills of humanity find a place in an ode to a nightingale? Are the details given in stanzas 5 and 6 relevant to the poem? What is the logical connection of lines 51 to 60 with the remainder of the poem? Is the poet justified in turning from this particular bird to the species in stanza 7? Is the contrast here made necessary to the thought of the poem? Why should Ruth in particular be selected rather than any other heroine? Fill in the picture in lines 68-70. How is the last stanza introduced? Is the transition skilfully made? Does it form a fitting close to the poem? What use does the poet make of allusion? Examine the particular allusions, and state the effect of each. Make a *detailed* examination of the epithets employed, and show their beauty and appropriateness, *e.g.*, blushful, beaded, leaden-eyed, alien, etc. Examine the figures used. Examine the imagery throughout. Are there any expressions in the poem that seem to you to be out of place? If so, is it a mere matter of impression, or have you a convincing reason for your opinion? This Ode has been described as "certain incoherent musings, in which the nightingale plays a quite unnecessary part." Can you defend this statement? After reading this poem, would you call Keats a nature-poet? Point out in detail the poetic merits of the Ode, noting particularly the means used to secure harmony and melody in the verse. Putting yourself as far as possible in the place of the poet read the poem aloud, so as to show that you have really entered into its spirit, and that you appreciate its beauty.

THE GREEN LINNET.

This poem was published in 1807. The orchard referred to in the text is the plot of ground behind the cottage at Grasmere. At the end of the orchard was a terrace where a moss-hut had been built by Wordsworth.

10. covert. Hiding-place.

15. revels of the May. The rejoicings of the birds at the approach of spring are compared to the May-day festivities of the country people.

18. paramours. Lovers.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Trace the line of thought throughout the poem. Under what circumstances was it written? Does this fix its character? Is the green linnet in itself a fit subject for poetry? What use does the poet make of the bird? Compare with *The Ode to a Nightingale* in this respect. What is the real subject of the poem? Suggest, if possible, a more appropriate title. Sum up the thought of the poem in a single sentence. Is there any lesson taught by the poem? If not, what is its purpose? What is the poet's attitude toward external nature? What is the characteristic note of the poem? What is the dominant emotion? Describe the stanza form here used. Is it appropriate to the expression of the thought? What influence has the peculiar rhyme-scheme on the movement of the verse?

TO THE CUCKOO.

This poem was written in the orchard at Town-end, Grasmere, 1804, and published in 1807. The cuckoo is a very wild, shy bird, frequenting shady groves, rarely seen, and very swift of flight. The call of the male bird consists of two syllables, as represented in its name.

12. visionary hours. Hours of youth, full of visions and imaginings.

28. golden time. Youth.

31. faery. Fairy, created by the imagination.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

What characteristics of the cuckoo are referred to in the text? What use is made of these? What use is made of the bird? Is the bird the real theme of the poem? Compare in this respect with the last two poems. Of what is the cuckoo here the symbol? What is the effect of thus regarding the bird? How does the poet look upon his youth? What connection has the bird with this period of his life? What is the poet's attitude towards nature? What is his attitude towards the bird? What is the prevailing emotion in the poem? Examine closely the expression in this poem. What is the connection between the last stanza and those that precede?

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

This poem was published in Lowell's second volume of *Poems*, 1843. If possible Tennyson's *The Poet*, Fitz-Greene Halleck's *Burns*, Longfellow's *The Day is Done*, Bret Harte's *Dickens in Camp*, should be read along with the poem. All but the first of these are in the *Victorian Readers*.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

State in your own words the incident and the poet's reflections on it. Is the argument logically constructed? Do you agree with the arguments advanced and with the conclusion? Is there another side from which to view this question? Do any of the thoughts seem out of place in the poem? According to this poem what is the function of poetry? Compare in this respect with Tennyson's *The Poet*. Is this poem so constructed and written that the reader is carried along in spite of himself? Why should Burns have been selected by Lowell? Name any other poets who might have been named instead of Burns. What poems of Burns may have been read on this occasion? Name some of the thoughts to which Burns gave expression (lines 16-20 and 65-68). What poets are referred to in lines 73-76? Discuss the views expressed in lines 33-36, 49-52 and 57. Read the introduction to *Sir Launfal* and compare with lines 57-64. Find in other poetical selections the thought expressed in lines 41-44 and 73-84. Examine as to (a) appropriateness, (b) force, (c) beauty, the figures in lines 4, 23, 24, 25-28, 31, 35, 46, 47, 55, 59, 60, 63, 64, 75, 76. Is the expression in this poem equal to the thought? Do any of the stanzas seem to be weak in thought or expression? Name any other poems similar in thought to this poem. Compare Lowell's view of the worth of a soul with that of Wordsworth in the *Intimations of Immortality*.

 THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

The address in this poem is to the Quakers, the religious body to which Whittier belonged.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Trace, stanza by stanza, the line of thought in the poem. State, in your own words, the belief to which Whittier gives expression. To what teaching is he taking exception? Is his answer a logical argument

or a mere expression of feeling? Was Whittier's own life in accordance with the sentiments here expressed? Quote some notable hymns that breathe similar sentiments. Do you consider the subject-matter suitable for poetic treatment? What thoughts in the poem seem to you to be most beautifully expressed? Note the Scripture references throughout the poem. What use is made of the principle of contrast? Is the figure in lines 74-78 a common one with Whittier? (See *The Red River Voyageur* and *The River Path*.) Read the poem to show that you sympathize with the views expressed.

AMBROSE.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Tell the story of the poem. Give, in your own words, the lesson taught. What do you think of the illustration used by the angel? Do you agree with the teaching of the poem? What application of the truth might be made to life to-day? Give your estimate of the character of Ambrose. Give illustrations from history of this character. Write an essay on "Diversity in Unity." What devices has Lowell used in order to place clearly before us the character of Ambrose? Memorize lines 55-60. Describe the stanza used in the poem. Would the verse of *Michael* suit this narrative? What poetic ornament is used? Compare in this respect with *Rhæcus*.

THE RIVER PATH.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Picture the scenes presented in the first part of the poem. What use is made of these scenes in the poem? Is this comparison of the spiritual with the natural a common feature of Whittier's writings? What is the life-lesson of the poem? Note any other poems that express similar sentiments. Examine the similes and metaphors throughout. What is the dominant emotion of the poem? In what way does it appeal to the reader? In what way does the poetry of Whittier indicate the man and the nature of his home-life? Examine the stanza-form. What is the effect of the rhyming couplet?

THE WAITING.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Give in your own words the argument of the poem. State in a sentence or two the essential thought. What spiritual truth is here presented? What application of this truth might be made to our own lives—private or social? Is the title appropriate? Suggest any other title and defend your choice. Which seems to you the more striking—the thought or the expression of the thought? Is the sentiment of this poem in harmony with that in *The Eternal Goodness*? What is there in the poetry of Whittier in general that appeals to the reader? Discuss in detail the figures employed. Memorize the last two stanzas.

THE FALL OF TERNI.

This selection is taken from Canto IV of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. This canto has been described as a guide-book to Italy, and consists of a series of pictures descriptive of that country. The description of the *Fall of Terni* occupies stanzas 69 to 72 of the canto. Bædeker's Guide Book thus describes the fall: "The celebrated falls of the Velino (which here empties itself into the Nera), called the Cascade della Marmore, are about six hundred and fifty feet in height, and have few rivals in Europe in beauty of situation and volume of water. The rivulet is precipitated from the height in three leaps of about sixty-five, three hundred and thirty, and one hundred and ninety feet respectively, the water falling perpendicularly at some places, and at others dashing furiously over the rocks."

8. **Phlegethon.** One of the rivers of the infernal regions, "whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage." This is connected in thought with "the hell of waters" in line 5.

13. **eternal April.** "The mist . . . looks at a distance like clouds of smoke ascending from some vast furnace, and distils perpetual rains on all the places that lie near it."—*Addison (Remarks on Italy)*.

23. **Parent of rivers.** See note above.

30. **Iris.** One of the inferior goddesses of the Greeks, the messenger of Juno. She is identified with the rainbow.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Describe in your own words the *Fall of Terni*. Form a clear picture from what is given in stanza 1, and add to your picture the details given in each subsequent stanza. Have you any difficulty in doing this? What method of description is here followed? How is the description built up? What devices does the poet use to increase the force and vividness of the description? Give illustrations from the poem of sound echoing sense. Why is this figure used? What other figure is frequently employed? Why? What two points of view are taken in the poem? Where does the point of view change? What is the effect of the change? Through what senses does the poet appeal to the reader? What is the effect of the poem upon the reader? Discuss the epithets in the poem from the standpoint of (a) appropriateness, (b) force, (c) beauty. Explain the expression "horribly beautiful." Discuss the climax in stanza 1. Show how the figure on line 5 is carried through the rest of the stanza. Point out the appropriateness of lines 31 and 36. Describe fully as to structure, rhyme-scheme, and metre the stanza here used. What is the name of the stanza? How did it get its name? What is the effect of running the sense of stanza 1 into stanza 2? Is this in accordance with the law of this stanza-structure; Is the stanza-form appropriate to the thought?

A THUNDERSTORM IN THE ALPS.

This selection forms stanzas 92-98 of the Third Canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. The whole canto is descriptive of Harold's travels through Belgium, Germany and Switzerland. Byron says: "The thunderstorm to which these lines refer occurred on the 13th June, 1816. I have seen among the mountains of Chimari several more terrific, but none more beautiful."

8. Jura. A mountain range in France, visible from the Alps.

21. mining depths. "The precipitous banks are regarded as descending to the deep bottom of the stream; and so, the poet says, does hate, that parts two persons whose love has turned to hatred."—*Keene*.

35. work'd. Made by some destructive force.

41. knoll. Signal-bell.

61. Leman. The Lake of Geneva.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Describe in your own words the thunderstorm. Note in detail the devices used to make the description more vivid. What part does *epithet* play in this vividness? Note the figures employed in stanza 1. Do you feel any incongruity in the use of so many figures in the same stanza? Explain the figure in lines 20-25. Paraphrase stanza 6. How is the last stanza related to what precedes? Is this storm described for itself, or in order to give us a glimpse of Byron's own feelings? How does he relate the description to his own feelings? Do these seem to be genuine? Compare in this respect with *The River Path*. Name any poems in which the subjective element appears to be equally strong. Compare with *The Ode to the West Wind*. What impression is left on your mind after reading these stanzas? What is the lesson you carry away? Compare this description with that of *The Fall of Terni*.

THE EDUCATION OF NATURE.

This poem is one of a series of five poems addressed to "Lucy." Various attempts have been made to identify the unknown lady, but without success. "All that is given us is that Lucy once lived, is now no more."

8. law and impulse. See line 12.

11. feel. Note the emphasis on this word.

24. silent sympathy—"Unconscious adjustment to her environment."
—*Marshall and Stevenson*.

31. vital feelings. See Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*.

37. work was done. Her education was completed.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Under what conditions does Nature undertake the education of Lucy? Trace the various steps in the education, pointing out the influences at work and the effect of each. Note the double function of Nature in stanza 2. What was the result of the education? How did Nature complete her work? What is the effect of the death of Lucy? What consolation does the poet offer to the mourner? Point out the appropriateness of the last three lines of the poem. What would be the effect of leaving out the last stanza? What favourite teaching of Wordsworth is enunciated in this poem? Show in detail how he sets it forth. Do

you agree that such a thing is possible? Have you any hint of this doctrine in any other poem of Wordsworth's you have read? *The Education of Nature* is a title first used by Palgrave; is it appropriate? Can you suggest a better title? Is the poem intended to teach a moral lesson? If not, what is the purpose of the poem? "This is not poetry; it is only a worship of barbarism in rhyme." Criticise this statement. Make a detailed examination of the words in this poem for the purpose of noting their appropriateness and beauty. Wherein does the charm of this poem consist? Read, if possible, the other "Lucy" poems of Wordsworth.

THE JOYS OF THE ROAD.

This poem is taken from *Songs from Vagabondia*, by Bliss Carman and the late Richard Hovey. Bliss Carman, however, is the writer of this selection.

26. **Dickon.** His companion on the road.

27. **Thirsty Sword.** See line 25.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Describe in your own words the joys of the road. Call up in your mind a picture for each couplet in the poem. Is there any picture that does not seem to you to be a pleasing one? Did the poet intend that each should be so? Is there any element lacking in this description? Is there anything too much? What part does nature play in the poem? Describe the character of Dick? Would he make a good companion? What is the purpose of lines 59 and 60? Point out what you take to be the chief poetic excellencies of this poem? What impression does it leave on your mind? Compare with any of Wordsworth's nature poems. Wherein does it differ from Wordsworth's usual method of treatment?

A SONG OF GROWTH.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Express in your own words the thought of this poem. In what other poems do you find similar thoughts expressed? Compare the first stanza with lines 21-40, page 82. What do you think of this poem—of its

thought, of its expression, of its versification? Explain clearly the imagery throughout. Explain "fountains of life" in line 23. What is the application of the poem to life? Do you find the thought of this poem expressed in the Scriptures?

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

This poem was suggested by a sentence in Wilkinson's *Tours to the British Mountains*: "Passed a female who was reaping alone; she sang in Erse, as she bended over her sickle; the sweetest human voice I ever heard; her strains were tenderly melancholy, and felt delicious long after they were heard no more."

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

It has been said of Wordsworth that "he takes a subject or a story merely as a peg or a loop to hang thought and feeling on;" is this true of the present selection? What are the materials upon which the poet works in this poem? How has he treated these materials? What part does the maiden play in the poem? What picture is emphasized in the first stanza? Examine the two pictures presented in stanza 2, showing the appropriateness of each. Compare with the picture of Ruth in the *Ode to a Nightingale*. Show from this poem how Wordsworth's sympathetic knowledge of nature was an inspiration to him in all his work. What feeling is produced as you read the poem? Give evidences of harmony between the thought and the expression. From what characteristics would you judge this to be a production of Wordsworth? The poet says, "I wish to be a teacher or nothing;" what is the lesson of this poem?

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

The Battle of Agincourt was fought on St. Crispin's day, October 25, 1415. Henry had landed at the mouth of the Seine and captured Harfleur. He lost so many men by wounds and sickness that he resolved to cross the country to Calais, then an English possession. He was not opposed until he had crossed the river Somme, when the French took up their position at Agincourt, thus shutting up the road to Calais. The English had about 10,000 men, the French from four to ten times as many, according to the chronicler.

4. **bills.** A weapon of this period. It had a broad, hooked-shaped blade with a pike at the end and back and was attached to a long handle.

6. **Morris.** Moorish.

12. **Kaux.** Modern Havre.

23. **height of pride, etc.** The French general in the height of his pride, thinking to deride the king, sent him a message to make ready his ransom. Henry scorns the message as coming from a vile nation, although his angry smile portended their fall.

47. **Poitiers.** 1356. **Cressy.** 1346.

51. **grandsire.** Edward III., laid claim to the French throne, and endeavoured to enforce his claim by arms.

54. **lilies.** "The French standard was three golden lilies on a white ground."—*George Sidgwick.*

55. **Duke of York.** Grandson of Edward III. He was killed in the battle.

59. **Exeter.** The Duke of Exeter was in the battle, but did not command the rear.

72. **Erpingham.** The marshal of the English army.

74. **hid forces.** A mistake on the part of the poet.

79. **Spanish yew.** The best yew for making bows came from Spain.

88. **bilbows.** Swords named from Bilboa, in Spain, where they were made.

107. **Clarence.** The third brother of the king. He was not at the the battle, neither was the Earl of Warwick.

108. **maiden knight.** Untried, unused to battle.

119. **St. Crispin's day.** The feast of Saints Crispinus and Crispinianus, October 25th.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Give a short account of the battle of Agincourt, the causes of the struggle, the battle itself and its results. Give an account of the battle as presented in this poem, so as to keep as far as possible the spirit of the original. What is the emotion underlying the poem? How has this emotion influenced the writing of the poem? Would this poem be different had it been written from a French standpoint? Read in connection with these verses Shakespeare's *Henry V*, act iv, scene 3, lines 1-67. Read if possible Tennyson's *The Revenge* and *The Siege of*

Lucknow. What are the chief characteristics of the poem? Discuss it from the standpoint of (a) vigour, (b) smoothness. Describe the stanza in which it is written.

DRAKE'S DRUM.

This poem was published in *Admirals All*, 1898. Newbolt says: "A state drum, painted with the arms of Sir Francis Drake, is preserved among other relics at Buckland Abbey, the seat of the Drake family in Devon, and the legend is still extant in the county." Drake died on board his own ship, near the town of Nombre de Dios, in the West Indies, January 28, 1595, and was buried at sea.

4. **Plymouth Hoe.** The hill of Plymouth.

15. **Dons.** The Spaniards.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

Sketch the life of Sir Francis Drake. What is the main point of the poem? What are its principal excellencies? What is the object of the refrain? This ballad is one of the finest, if not the finest ballad, in the English language; point out what there is in the poem to merit this high praise. *Memorize this ballad*, and then repeat it so as to bring out its spirit.

ON THE STUDY OF THE PROSE SELECTIONS.

(*Figures refer to pages.*)

In studying a prose selection students are recommended to make themselves familiar with the thought and spirit of the whole before proceeding to the study of details. The nature of the detailed study will depend to a great extent upon the nature of the selection. For instance, in a plain narrative—*The Ambitious Guest*—after the story is known, in substance and spirit, there may be an enquiry as to the part each character has played, the order of narration, the wisdom of emphasizing certain details and omitting others, the means employed by the author to secure the reader's attention and good-will, in short, the relation of each idea to the main thought. There will also be a study of structure—the order and structure of paragraphs and sentences, and the use of words from the standpoint of clearness, force and elegance. This may properly be followed by exercises in composition, and by discussions as to the merits of any particular story—the theme, the arrangement of details, the harmony among the parts, the consistency of the characters, the general effect upon the intellectual and emotional life of the reader, the views of life presented, the relation of language to thought.

In the case of a description, *e.g.*, *The South-Sea House*, particular attention will be given to the author's style—the suitability of language to thought, the wise selection of details, the quiet humour and the perfect good taste. Such study should lead to a clearer appreciation of the literary excellence of the selection, and should be a great help to students in their own writing.

In the study of all literature there seems to be something even more important than a conscious and systematic analysis of the author's matter and manner, *viz.* : the reading and re-reading of selections in order to become perfectly familiar with thought and language. It is through such reading that the mind, heart and ear of the reader become attuned to an author's style. It is just as necessary in prose as in poetry that it be read aloud, so as to exhibit the rhythm. This is particularly true in such selections as *The Vision of Sudden Death* and portions of *Titbottom's Spectacles*, where the music of the wording and phrasing counts for so much.

Keeping the foregoing in mind it has not been deemed necessary to suggest definite lines of questioning on the various selections.

THE AMBITIOUS GUEST.

This selection is taken from *Twice Told Tales*, published in 1837. The scene of the story is laid in the Notch of the White Mountains in New Hampshire.

114. **General Court.** The legislature.

TITBOTTOM'S SPECTACLES.

This selection is taken from *Prue and I*, published in 1856. "I" is "An old book-keeper, who wears a white cravat and black trousers in the morning, who rarely goes to the opera, and never drives out. His only journey is from his home to his office; his only satisfaction is in doing his duty; his only happiness is in his Prue and his children." The "Aurelia" of the text is an imaginary young lady, who forms the subject-matter of the first chapter of the book, and whom the old book-keeper has endowed with every imaginable beauty of person and of character. The story of *Titbottom's Spectacles* is an expansion of the paragraphs on page 122. If possible the whole of *Prue and I* should be read by the student.

125. **Vicar of Wakefield.** A novel of English country life by Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774). Chapter XII contains an amusing story of Moses, the son of the Vicar, who being sent to the fair to sell a pony invested the proceeds of the sale in a gross of worthless spectacles.

130. **Parsee.** A follower of Zoroaster, the great Persian religious teacher. The Parsees are fire-worshippers.

131. **Prince Charlie.** Charles Edward Stuart, who made an unsuccessful attempt in 1745 to recover the throne of England for the Stuarts. He is the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of the Scottish Ballads.

133. **Claude.** Claude Lorrain, the great landscape painter (1600-1682).

136. **vis-a-vis.** Opposite.

138. **Madonna.** The Virgin Mary.

140. **Xerxes.** The Persian king who invaded Greece at the head of an army said to consist of over five millions of men. He was defeated in his attempt, and obliged to return to Persia.

141. **Homer.** The Epic poet of Greece, the author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The *Iliad* celebrates the actions of the hero Achilles.

147. **Magdalen.** An erring woman.

150. **Plutus.** The god of wealth, the king of the lower world.

STRAWBERRIES.

This selection is taken from "Locusts and Wild Honey."

151. **Dr. Parr.** A famous English classical scholar and author (1747-1825).

155. **golden age.** The best age, when all ideals will be realized.

156. **Arcadian.** Pastoral; so called because the Arcadians were a pastoral people.

157. **Ovid.** A Roman poet, author of *The Metamorphoses* (43 B.C.-17 A.D.).

159. **grazing Nebuchadnezzar.** *Daniel* iv., 33.

159. **Warton.** An English poet and critic, who translated the *Eclogues* and *Georgics* of Virgil (1722-1800).

159. **Virgil.** The Roman Epic poet, author of the *Æneid* (70 B.C.-19 B.C.).

159. **Montaigne.** A celebrated French philosopher (1533-1592). He is chiefly known in England by his *Essays*.

160. **Walton.** The author of *The Complete Angler* (1593-1683).

SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES.

This paper appeared in the *Spectator*, Friday, July 20, 1711. The character of the fine old country gentleman, Sir Roger de Coverley, was originated by Steele, but to Addison must be given the credit of having elaborated the portrait and of having made it what it is. The incidents here recorded occurred during a visit paid by the *Spectator* to Sir Roger's country seat.

162. **Will Wimble.** A character described in *Spectator*, No. 108. Wimble is a good-natured but useless younger brother of a country gentleman, and makes himself pleasant to all his acquaintances.

162. **assizes.** Sessions of the court.

163. **within the game-act.** To obtain a licence under the game-act it was necessary to possess property to the value of £100 a year.

163. **quarter-sessions.** The quarterly meeting of the Justices of the Peace.

163. **widow.** A lady who lived near Sir Roger. The knight had long been an unsuccessful suitor for her hand.

163. **cast and been cast.** Won and lost.

THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE.

This is the first essay in the *Essays of Elia*, published in 1823. It had been printed before in the *London Magazine* for August, 1820. This essay is very largely personal reminiscences, and the characters are for the most part real. Lamb was for some years employed in the South-Sea House, where he made good use of his opportunities. Elia, who has given his name to the collection of essays, was a fellow clerk with Lamb in the office of the company. Careful study should be given to the style of this essay.

166. **Bank.** The Bank of England in Threadneedle Street.

166. **Flower Pot.** An inn next door to the South-Sea House, from which the coaches started on their northern trips.

167. **Balclutha's.** "I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate." Quoted from the alleged poems of Ossian, translated by James Macpherson.

167. **pieces of eight.** Spanish coins worth about one dollar.

168. **"unsunned heap."** Milton's *Comus*. Line 398.

168. **Mammon.** The god of this world, the personification of wealth. The reference here is to Spenser's portrait of Mammon as the spirit of Avarice. *Faerie Queene*, Book II., Canto 7.

168. **Bubble.** The South-Sea Company was established in 1710 for the purpose of trading with America. Great promises were made and inducements held forth. Shares rose to ten times their par value. The crash soon came and thousands were ruined.

168. **battening.** Fattening.

168. **light generations—of insects.**

168. **Titan.** Gigantic. A reference to the Titans who inhabited the earth in the first ages, and were of enormous size and strength.

168. **Vaux's.** Guy Fawkes, who plotted to blow up the Houses of Parliament during the reign of James I.

168. **manes.** Shades or spirits.

168. **India House.** The home of the East India Company. *Change* means the Royal Exchange.

169. **rubric interlacings.** Red lines intersecting one another.

169. **Herculaneum.** One of the cities buried under the ashes of Vesuvius.

169. **pounce-boxes.** Boxes for holding the powder which was used for the same purpose as blotting-paper now is.

170. **Cambro-Briton.** A Welshman.

170. **Maccaronies.** Dandies or fops.

170. **gib-cat.** Tom-cat.

170. **Andertons.** A coffee house of those days.

171. **forte.** Strong point.

171. **Pennant.** A Welsh antiquarian. Author of *Some Account of London* (1726-1798).

171. **Hogarth.** A celebrated English painter and engraver (1697-1764).

171. **confessors.** The Huguenots.

171. **Louis.** Henry IV., of France, by the Edict of Nantes, had guaranteed freedom of worship to the Huguenots. This was revoked by Louis XIV., who persecuted these people and drove thousands of them into England.

171. **Westminster Hall.** The Houses of Parliament.

172. **Derwentwater.** An Earl of Derwentwater was executed in connection with the rebellion of 1715, and another earl in connection with that of 1745.

172. **Decus et solamen.** Glory and consolation.

173. **Orphean.** Orpheus was the sweetest singer among the early Greeks. By the power of his lyre he could melt even the stones to tears.

173. **Midas.** A reference to Midas, king of Phrygia, who had his ears changed into those of an ass for maintaining that Pan could play better than the god of music, Apollo.

174. **Fortinbras.** A high-spirited Norwegian prince in *Hamlet*. The quotation is in Act IV, Scene 4, of that play.

175. **Public Ledgers, etc.** Newspapers of those days.

175. **Chatham, etc.** *Chatham*, *Shelburne* and *Rockingham* were Prime Ministers of Great Britain; *Howe*, *Burgoyne* and *Clinton* were commanders during the Revolutionary war; *Keppel* was an admiral who was tried for misconduct, but acquitted; *Wilkes*, *Sawbridge* and *Bull* were Lord Mayors of London; *Dunning* was afterwards Earl of Ashburton; *Pratt* was Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and *Richmond* was the duke of that name.

175. **sinister bend.** Illegitimate descent.

176. **business of franks.** Plumer had given a frank to the Duchess of Marlborough. Cave, who was then Clerk of the Franks in the House of Commons, raised objections to the frank, and was in consequence summoned to appear before the House. Members of Parliament were allowed to exempt letters from payment of postage by writing their names on the outside of the packet.

176. **Arden.** The scene of Shakespeare's *As You Like It* is laid in the forest of Arden. Here the banished Duke and his followers, among whom Amiens was one, enjoyed themselves and wiled away the time. The song sung by Amiens is in Act II., Scene 7.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

176. **bought litigations.** Purchased the rights of one party to a law suit, while the action was pending.

177. **Henry Pimpernel :**

Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid ;
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernel.

—*Taming of the Shrew.*

NIL NISI BONUM.

Nil nisi bonum means, in the full expression, "Say nothing but good of the dead." This selection is taken from Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers*.

177. **Sir Walter. Scott.** *Lockhart* was the son-in-law of Scott and his biographer.

177. **two men.** Washington Irving, who died November 28, 1859, and Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, who died December 28, 1859. See Biographical Sketches.

177. **Goldsmith and Gibbon.** *Goldsmith* is one of the most delightful narrative writers of the eighteenth century, and *Gibbon* is the author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

177. **with the republic.** Irving was born April 3, 1783.

177. **pater patriæ.** Father of his country, Washington.

178. **very high sphere.** His father was a merchant.

178. **war had just renewed.** The war of 1812-15.

178. **Southey.** Poet-Laureate and a famous man of letters (1774-1843).

179. **gold medal.** In April, 1830, Irving was awarded one of the gold medals presented by George IV to the Royal Society of Literature. The other medal was given to Henry Hallam the historian.

179. **University.** Oxford conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. in 1831.

182. **Bellet.** A French naval officer who assisted in the search for Sir John Franklin. He perished in 1853, near Cape Bowden, during a storm.

182. **senate.** The House of Commons. Macaulay entered Parliament in 1830 as member for the pocket borough of Calne, then in the gift of Lord Lansdowne.

182. **remunerative post.** A seat in the Supreme Council of India at a salary of £10,000 per annum.

182. **Windsor Castle.** The official residence of the King.

183. **Austerlitz.** The great battle (1805) in which Napoleon completely crushed the power of Austria. *K.K.* means Imperial-Royal. *Schönbrunn*, the Imperial palace of the Emperor of Austria, is situated a few miles from Vienna.

183. **senior wrangler.** The man who takes first place in the competition for mathematical honours at Cambridge is so called.

185. **à cœur ouvert.** With open heart.

185. **Peter's, etc.** St. Peter's is the famous cathedral in Rome ; St.

Paul's is in London, the Mosque of San Sophia is in Constantinople, the Pantheon is an ancient temple still standing in Rome. All these buildings are noted for the size and beauty of their domes.

185. **Clarissa.** A famous English novel of the Eighteenth Century, written by Samuel Richardson. It relates the trials of Clarissa Harlowe in her endeavours to avoid the persecutions of Lovelace, who was in love with her.

186. **Johnson.** Samuel Johnson, the literary dictator of England during the latter half of the Eighteenth Century.

187. *laus Deo.* God be praised.

THE VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH.

This selection forms the third part of *The English Mail Coach*.

188. **Caesar.** Julius Caesar was assassinated on the Ides of March, 44 B.C., by Brutus, Cassius and other conspirators.

194. **Jus dominii.** Sole ownership or sovereignty.

194. **Jus gentium.** The law common to all people.

195. **monstrum horrendum,** etc. Translated in the next paragraph.

195. **Calendars.** The Calendars are an order of Dervishes founded in the fourteenth century. They are wandering preachers and live on alms given them. They profess great purity of life and conduct. In the *Arabian Nights Entertainment* is told the story of several of these Dervishes who had met together by accident. Each had lost an eye as the penalty for giving way to ungovernable curiosity.

195. **Mahomet.** The great founder of the Mohammedan religion (570-632).

196. **Cyclops.** The Cyclopes were monsters of the ancient world who had but one eye, and that in the centre of the forehead.

198. **aurigation.** Driving.

198. **Apollo.** The sun-god, whose duty it was to drive his chariot daily across the heavens. *Aurora* was the goddess of the morning who ran before and opened for him the gates of the east.

198. **Pagan Pantheon.** The divinities of the heathen world. "Jupiter sometimes nods."

199. **Lilliputian.** Very small. (See *Gulliver's Travels*.)

204. **Charlemagne.** Charles the Great, King of France and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire (742-814).

205. **Gothic aisle.** A comparison with the long pillared aisles of the great European cathedrals.

205. **Shout of Achilles.** The story is told in the Eighteenth Book of the *Iliad* that while Achilles is within his tent mourning over the body of Patroclus the Greeks are being hard pressed by the Trojans. Suddenly Achilles appears, and his shout, aided by the might of Pallas Athene (Minerva), the goddess of war and wisdom, so alarms the Trojans that they flee. *Asia militans* refers to the Trojan war, as the city of Troy was situated in Asia Minor.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ADDISON, JOSEPH, was born at Milston, Wiltshire, in 1672. He was educated at the Charter House and at Oxford. His friends destined him for the church, but meeting with Halifax he determined to enter political life, and took office under the Whig government. A pension of £300 was granted him, and he set out on his travels through France and Italy. On the fall of the Whigs, Addison lost his pension and returned to England. His poem on the battle of Blenheim, entitled *The Campaign*, restored him to favour. From this time he took an active interest in politics, filling various high offices, including Chief Secretary for Ireland and Secretary of State. In 1709 his friend Steele began the publication of the *Tatler*, followed soon after by the *Spectator*. To these papers Addison contributed some of his best work; indeed three-sevenths of the *Spectator* was written by him. In 1713 his celebrated tragedy, *Cato*, was produced. In 1716 he married the Countess of Warwick. He died in 1719, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Addison was a man of quiet, genial temperament, respected alike by friends and by political opponents. The character of the man is well brought out in the kindly, gentle humour of the *Sir Roger de Coverley* papers.

+ BURNS, ROBERT, the son of a Scotch peasant farmer, was born near Ayr, in 1759. His early life was one of toil and hardship; at the age of fifteen he was doing the work of an able-bodied man. This constant work, as well as poverty, prevented his attendance at school, so that he grew up to manhood in comparative ignorance of books, but knowing the life of the Scottish peasant through and through. At the age of sixteen he had begun to write poetry, and had continued at intervals until 1786, when he had accumulated enough for a volume. At this time he had become hopelessly discouraged with his farm life, and had resolved to emigrate to America. Fortunately his publication venture turned out successfully, and Burns abandoned all thought of leaving his native land. He was invited to Edinburgh, where he was treated with distinguished courtesy by the men of letters there gathered. Shortly after the appearance of his second volume in 1787 he bought a farm near Dumfries, and married Jean Armour. In 1789 he obtained the post of

excise officer. His last days were embittered by poverty and distresses of various kinds. He died in 1796. His most important works, besides a multitude of songs, are *The Cottar's Saturday Night* and *Tam o' Shanter*.

BURROUGHS, JOHN, was born at Roxbury, N.Y., in 1837. He received an ordinary public school education, after which he taught school and engaged in journalism. In 1863 he entered the U.S. Treasury Department, and some time later became examiner of banks. In 1873 he retired to his farm on the Hudson, where he still lives, varying his farming operations with literary work. Mr. Burroughs is a hale and hearty man, very fond of walking and fishing, and of out-door life of all kinds. He ascribes his literary skill firstly, to the fact that in early life, being deprived of books, he was obliged to depend on his own observation, and secondly, to the subsequent influence of Arnold, Emerson and Whitman. His publications include *Wake-Robin*, *Winter Sunshine*, *Birds and Poets*, *Pepacton*, and *Locusts and Wild Honey*.

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON NOEL, was born at London, 1788. His father was a somewhat dissipated man, who first spent his wife's fortune and then deserted her. In 1790 Mrs. Byron took her son with her to reside in Aberdeen. Here he lived, receiving his education at the grammar school until he was ten years old, when he succeeded to the title and estates of his great-uncle, Lord Byron. The boy was then sent to a private school, and afterwards to Harrow. A deformity in his foot, which proved to be incurable, was a source of bitter mortification to the boy, and remained so until his death. In 1805 he went to Cambridge, but left without taking his degree. While at the University he published *Hours of Idleness*. This was bitterly attacked by *The Edinburgh Review*. Byron retorted in one of the most savage satires in all literature, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. In 1809 he set out on his travels, which lasted two years. On his return he published the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Byron was now famous, the pet of London society. In 1815 he married Miss Anna Millbanks. The marriage turned out very unhappily and a separation was agreed upon. Byron, who had been most unreasonably blamed for his part in the affair, quitted England in disgust. He never saw his native land again. The next two years were spent wandering over Europe, principally in Italy. In 1823 he became interested in the Greek fight for freedom, and went to that country, taking with him men and money to assist the patriots. In the midst of his heroic struggles he contracted a fever and died at Missolonghi in 1824. His

body was brought to England and buried at Newstead Abbey. Byron was a man of strong passions and very self-centred; but on occasions he could be kindly and generous to a fault. His most important works, besides those already mentioned, are *The Gaiour*, *The Corsair*, *Lara*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Manfred*, *Cain* and *Don Juan*.

CARMAN, BLISS, was born at Fredericton, N.B., in 1861. He was educated at the Fredericton Collegiate Institute and the University of New Brunswick. He graduated in 1881, and afterwards attended classes at Edinburgh and Harvard. His life has been spent principally in literary work. He generally resides in Boston, where he is connected with several publications. His best known works are *Low Tide on Grand Pré*, *Behind the Arras*, *By the Aurelian Wall*, and the three *Vagabondia* books, written in conjunction with the late Richard Hovey.

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, the son of the vicar of Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire, was born at that place in 1772. In 1791 he entered Cambridge, but, two years later, in consequence of an unfortunate love affair, left without taking his degree. He enlisted and served some time in the Dragoons, but his friends procured his discharge. In 1794 he resolved to emigrate to America and help found an ideal republic, but the project failed. His first volume of poems was published in 1796. From this time Coleridge was engaged in literary work, principally poetry, theology, metaphysics and literary criticism. He became acquainted with Wordsworth, and the first fruits of their friendship was the *Lyrical Ballads*. During an illness he contracted the opium habit, which sadly weakened his power of work and interfered with his literary success. He died in London in 1834. His best work, done before 1800, includes *Christabel*, *Kubla Khan*, and *The Ancient Mariner*.

CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM, was born at Providence, R.I., in 1824. He was educated in the common schools of his native city. About 1840 he came under the influence of Emerson, and joined the Brook Farm Community. In 1846 he went to Europe, where he remained for two years engaged in study. In 1855 a commercial enterprise in which he was embarked failed. Mr. Curtis undertook to pay the debts of the firm, and after sixteen years of untiring effort succeeded. In 1853 he undertook the editorship of the Easy Chair in *Harper's Magazine*, and in 1856 he became editor of *Harper's Weekly*. Both these positions he held until his death. About 1855 he began to take an active part in politics and soon became an important factor in the work of political

reform. His best work was done in connection with the Civil Service Reform League, of which he was president. He died in 1892. His most important works are *Lotus-Eating*, *Prue and I* and *Potiphar*.

DE QUINCEY, THOMAS, was born at Manchester in 1785. The father died a few days later, and the boy was left to the care of his mother and sisters. He was educated at the grammar school at Bath, where he learned to speak Greek as his native tongue. He was then sent to the Manchester Grammar School, from which he ran away. He spent some time wandering in Wales, and was finally found by his friends in London, where he lived for some months in the direst poverty. He went to Oxford in 1803, and while there contracted the habit of eating opium. He became intimate with Wordsworth and Coleridge, and went to live at Grasmere. The latter years of his life were spent at Edinburgh, where he died in 1859. His unfortunate habit of opium-eating affected his whole life and writings. He has given us an account of his sufferings in *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. His works are voluminous, and embrace almost all known subjects. They consist, however, principally of short papers and essays.

DRAYTON, MICHAEL, was born at Hartshill, Warwickshire, in 1563. The events of his life are almost all matters of conjecture. He is supposed to have been adopted into some noble family, to have been educated at Oxford, and to have served in the army on the continent. His literary work is enormous in quantity, the most important works being *The Baron's Wars* and *Polyolbion*. He died in 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL, was born at Salem, Mass., in 1804. He was educated at Bowdoin College, where he was a classmate of Longfellow. While at college he was subject to fits of deep dejection. After leaving college he spent some years at Salem engaged in literary work for various magazines. In 1837, *Twice Told Tales* was published. In 1843 he married and went to Concord to live. In 1846 he was made Surveyor of the port of Salem, and in 1849 was appointed to a position in the Boston customs house. In 1853 he was appointed U. S. Consul at Liverpool, where he remained until 1857. During these years he travelled on the continent. After his return to the United States, he resumed his literary labours, which had been somewhat interrupted. He died at Plymouth, Mass., in 1864. His principal works are *The Scarlet Letter*, *The Marble Faun*, *The Blithedale Romance*, and *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

IRVING, WASHINGTON, was born at New York in 1783. He left school in 1800, and began the study of law. In 1804 he made a voyage to Europe for the benefit of his health. He was called to the bar in 1806, but never practised. His literary career began at this time by the publication of humorous tales and sketches. In 1810 he entered into partnership with his brothers in a large commercial enterprise. In 1815 he again went to Europe, where he remained for many years. In 1817 his firm failed, and he was obliged to turn to literature for support. He spent some time on the continent, and then returned to England as Secretary of the U. S. Legation. He returned to the United States in 1832. From 1842 to 1846 he was Ambassador to Spain. He lived during his later years at Sunnyside on the Hudson, where he died in 1859. His principal works are *Washington*, *Christopher Columbus*, *Goldsmith*, *The Alhambra*, and *The Sketch-Book*.

† KEATS, JOHN, was born at London in 1791. He was educated at Enfield, and afterwards apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton. After completing his apprenticeship in 1815, he came to London to walk the hospitals, but soon drifted into literary work. His volumes were published at regular intervals, but did not receive a very kind welcome from the critics. Symptoms of consumption now began to appear. The melancholy into which he was plunged by his brother's death, and his hopeless passion for Fanny Brawne, complicated matters. He died at Rome in 1821, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery there. His principal works are *Endymion*, *Lamia*, *The Eve of St. Agnes* and *Isabella*.

LAMB, CHARLES, was born at London in 1775, and educated at Christ's Hospital. Here he formed an intimacy with Coleridge. After holding a clerkship in the South-Sea House for a short time, he entered the service of the East India Company, with whom he remained for thirty-three years. At the end of this period he retired on a pension of £450 per annum. He died in 1834. During his life Lamb assumed the care of his sister, who, in a fit of insanity, had killed her mother. This was a heavy burden, but it was borne without a murmur. He was naturally of a gay, convivial disposition, and liked to surround himself with congenial associates. The two strains, the grave and the gay, may be seen side by side in almost all his work. His most important works are *Essays of Elia*, *Last Essays of Elia*, *Tales from Shakespeare* and *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets*.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, was born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1819. He was educated at Harvard, and was admitted to the bar in 1841. He

soon abandoned law and devoted himself to literature. His first volume of poetry was published in 1844. He now took an active part with both tongue and pen in the agitation for the abolition of slavery. In 1851 he visited Europe. In 1855 he was appointed to the chair of Modern Languages at Harvard, in succession to Longfellow. In 1857 he became editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. In 1877 he was made Minister to Spain, and from 1879 to 1885 was Ambassador to Great Britain. During these years he received the degree of LL.D. from Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh, and was chosen Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University. He died in 1891. His principal poetical works are *The Cathedral*, *The Bigelow Papers*, *Sir Launfal* and *The Commemoration Ode*. He has also written many important works of literary criticism.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, in 1800. He was educated at Cambridge, and became a fellow of Trinity College. In 1824 he was called to the bar. In 1830 he entered Parliament as member for Calne, and in 1834 he went to India as member of the Supreme Council. He returned in 1838. In the next year he became Secretary of State for War. In 1846 he was appointed Paymaster to the Forces with a seat in the Cabinet. In 1847 he lost his seat for Edinburgh, but was returned for the same constituency in 1852 at the head of the poll, although he did not go near the city nor canvas for a single vote. In 1857 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Macaulay of Rothley. He died in 1859, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His principal works are *Lays of Ancient Rome*, *Essays*, and the unfinished *History of England*.

NEWBOLT, HENRY, son of the Vicar of St. Mary's, Bilston, was born at that place in 1862. He was educated at Clifton College and Oxford. He was called to the bar in 1887 and practised until 1899. Since then he has been engaged in literary work. He is now editor of *The Monthly Review*. Mr. Newbolt is the author of *Admirals All*, *The Island Race*, *Froissart in Britain*, and *Modred: a Tragedy*.

ROBERTS, CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS, was born at Douglas, New Brunswick, in 1860. He was educated at the Fredericton Collegiate Institute and at the University of New Brunswick. He taught school for some time and then became editor of *The Week*, published at Toronto. He gave up editorial work to take the position of Professor of English and French Literature at King's College, Windsor. In 1895 he resigned, and has since devoted himself to literature. He resides at

present in New York, where he is connected with a number of periodicals. His most important works are *Orion*, *In Divers Tones*, *Songs of the Common Day*, *The Book of the Native*, *The Forge in the Forest*, *A Sister to Evangeline*, and *The Heart of the Ancient Wood*.

+ SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., was born at Field Place, Sussex, in 1792. He was sent to Eton, but owing to his refusal to fag, led rather a hard life. In 1810 he entered Oxford, but was soon expelled because he insisted on forcing his peculiar religious views upon the heads of the colleges. His father took the side of the authorities and refused to receive his son. In 1811 he made a hasty marriage with Harriet Westbrook, who, he fancied, was being abused by her father. The marriage was unfortunate and they soon separated. In 1816 his wife drowned herself. The custody of his children was refused him by the courts on the ground that he was morally unsound. In the same year he married Mary Godwin. In 1818 he left England for ever. For the remainder of his life he lived in Italy. He was drowned in the Mediterranean in 1822. His best known works are *The Revolt of Islam*, *Prometheus Unbound*, *The Cenci*, and *Adonais*, an elegy in memory of John Keats. Shelley was a man who all his life fought against what he considered to be tyranny, whether it was in religious, political or social matters. He made many mistakes, but behind it all was the human heart of the poet, big with love for humanity. His sincerest desire was to benefit mankind.

TENNYSON, ALFRED, was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, in 1809. He was educated at home and at Louth Grammar School. In 1827, together with his brother Charles, he published *Poems by Two Brothers*. In 1828 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he met Arthur Henry Hallam for the first time. He joined the society of the "Apostles," which at that time contained some of the brightest minds of the university. In 1829 he obtained the chancellor's gold medal for his poem *Timbuctoo*. In 1830 he published his first volume of poems. In 1831, owing to the death of his father, he left Cambridge without taking his degree. In 1832 his second volume was published. The critics were not kind to this volume and Tennyson remained silent for ten years. In 1833 Arthur Hallam died. In 1842 the *Poems* in two volumes appeared. In 1847 *The Princess* was published. In 1850 Tennyson published *In Memoriam* in remembrance of Arthur Hallam, was married and was appointed Poet-Laureate. In 1853 he removed to Farringford, in the Isle of Wight. In 1855 *Maud* was published,

followed in 1859 by four of *The Idylls of the King*. In 1868 he purchased another estate at Aldworth. In 1884 he was raised to the peerage. In 1892 he died and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Besides the works already mentioned, Tennyson wrote *Enoch Arden*, *Locksley Hall*, *Queen Mary*, *Harold*, *Becket* and *The Foresters*. His last volume was published subsequent to his death.

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE, was born at Calcutta in 1811. In 1818 he was sent to England and placed in the Charter House. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, but left without taking his degree. For the next few years he travelled on the continent, for the most part studying art. He spent a winter in Weimar, where he met Goethe and his circle. In 1837 he lost his fortune, and as a consequence he was forced to devote himself seriously to literature. He contributed to the leading magazines, more especially to *Punch*, in which some of his best work appeared. He made his first great success in 1846 with *Vanity Fair*. His other works, *The Virginians*, *The Newcomes*, *Pendennis*, *Henry Esmond* followed rapidly. In 1852 and in 1856 he visited America on lecturing tours. In 1857 he was an unsuccessful candidate to represent Oxford in parliament. In 1860 he became editor of *The Cornhill*. He died in 1863.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF, was born at Haverhill, Mass., in 1807. His parents were Quakers, and the child was brought up in that faith. He received the usual common school education in his native town. He wrote his first poem at the age of eighteen. During his early years he was editor of several newspapers, and took a very prominent part in the anti-slavery agitation. On several occasions his office was sacked and he himself was in danger of his life. His poems did much to keep alive the sentiment against slave-holding. He represented Haverhill in the legislature in 1835. In the next year he removed to Amesbury, where he resided until his death. His life was a very stirring one, but the events in which he took part were for the most part of local importance. His literary activity extended over seventy years. He died in 1892. His principal works are *Mogg Megone*, *The Tent on the Beach*, and *Snow Bound*.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, in 1770. From his seventh to his eighteenth year he went to school at Hawkshead. In 1787 he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, and graduated in 1791. He hailed with delight the beginnings of the French

Revolution, and immediately crossed to France, where he remained for two years, taking an active part in affairs. The course of the Revolution bitterly disappointed him, and he returned to England very much depressed in spirits. The soothing influence of nature and of his sister Dorothy soon restored him. Poverty now stared him in the face, and he turned to literature for support. The death of his friend, Raisley Calvert, secured him a legacy of £900, which relieved his immediate distresses. He lived with his sister at Racedown for some time; then, after a year spent in Germany, settled at Grasmere, in the Lake district. In 1802 he married Mary Hutchinson. In 1813 he was made Distributor of Stamps. This secured him a competence, and he could now devote his time to poetry. In 1842 he received a pension of £300, and in 1843 was made Poet-Laureate. He died in 1850. Wordsworth's best poetry is to be found in his shorter poems. Among his longer ones may be mentioned *Michael*, *The Excursion*, *The Prelude*, *Peter Bell* and *The White Doe of Rylstone*.



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